JOHN BULL, August 12, 1922. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXII. No. 845. SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1922 TWOPENCE.

MORRIS'S RUSSIAN BLEND Cigarettes
possess the delicate flavour and sweet fragrance that make Russian Cigarettes unique.
1/- for 20
B. Morris & Sons, Ltd., London, E.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

1,092 INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID

Making Your Flesh Creep

by A. G. Gardiner

PURE WHEAT!
WHOLE WHEAT!
CONCENTRATED WHEAT!

the Food You Need for Breakfast.

Your breakfast is the foundation of your day's health. Your fitness for the day's work or play depends upon the food you eat at that meal—practically *everything* depends upon it.

That is why you should eat a Shredded Wheat breakfast *each* day. Wheat, as any doctor will tell you, contains *all* the nourishment your body needs—and Shredded Wheat is simply pure wheat, whole wheat, concentrated wheat—in short, concentrated *health*. It sustains and keeps you in fine form all day and every day.

The Crisp dainty Shredded Wheat "Biscuits" appeal to everyone, because they are so delicious and so easily digested—and they make an extra appeal to housewives because they are all ready to serve with hot or cold milk. And this great dish goes nearly twice as far as porridge and other cereal foods.
Get Shredded Wheat from your Grocer to-day.

SAMPLES FREE

We will send you a liberal Sample Packet upon receipt of your Name and Address written clearly on a Postcard—addressed to THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, London, W.C.

Shredded Wheat

The 100 % Breakfast Food.

THE SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LTD., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.

How much could YOU claim?

IF your house caught fire to-morrow or you met with an accident, how much could *you* claim? Why take any risk when "JOHN BULL" offers you FREE compensation? "JOHN BULL" offers you many benefits which you cannot secure under any other Free Insurance scheme. Delays are dangerous. Fill up the forms below now.

What JOHN BULL Pays

Household Benefits.

£300—damage by fire.
£600—death of husband and wife due to fire.
£300—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.
£250 or £125—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.
£100—damage by explosion of gas or domestic boiler.
£100—damage by hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.
£300—damage by aeroplanes, airships, or other aerial craft.
£300—damage by riots and civil commotion.
£100—damage by storm, tempest or flood.
£100—damage by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.
£1,000—in case of death of husband and wife by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers.
£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.
£500 or £250—in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye, under similar circumstances.
£10—Medical Fees.

£6 per week for both or £3 per week for either up to 6 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers, or fire.
£2 per week maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks).

Accidents in Home, Garden, Hotel or Boarding House.

£250—loss of life.
£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.
£125—loss of one limb or one eye.
£3 per week up to six weeks for disablement by fracture.
£1 per week (after the first week) up to four weeks for ALL ACCIDENTS.

Going on Holiday?

JOHN BULL'S Free Home Insurance still remains in force whilst you are away at your hotel, boarding-house or apartment, and it also covers your luggage against loss by fire.

You can post your Coupon for ½d., now. Sign to-day!

CUT HERE.

J.B. 12.8.22. POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. Date.....A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B. 12.8.22. HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Date.....

1,092 Claims Paid

JOHN BULL

Greatest FREE Home Insurance

56 More Claims Paid This Week!

Fifty-six readers benefit this week—56 readers who realised that fire and accident is something that may happen in any home at any time. Some of these who benefit were at one time only casual readers of "JOHN BULL," and by the simple act of becoming *Registered* readers, they are now enjoying these free benefits. Follow their example and register now. To-morrow may be the day you wished you had done so.

FIRE.

BLYTH.—Mrs. PALMER, 66, Bowes Street. Damage to Bedding and Furnishings.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. DUNN, 34, Almond Street. Damage to Furniture.
W. CROYDON.—T. BANKS, 83, Tamworth Road. Damage to Furniture.
BOOTLE.—M. CUNNINGHAM, 16, Oregon Street. Damage to Furnishings.
POPLAR, E.14.—J. W. MALPAS, 1, The Retreat, St. Leonard's Road. Damage to Furnishings.
EARL'S COURT, S.W.5.—D. LOVEGROVE, 11, Hogarth Road. Damage to Bedding.
Nr. SAXMUNDHAM.—Mrs. H. SADD, Rendham. Damage to Clothing.
DUNFERMLINE.—G. BELL, 48, Buffies Brae. Damage to Clothing.
BURSLEM, Staffs.—Mrs. A. CLARKE, 84, Scotia Road. Damage to Clothing.
LANCS.—S. WHITWAM, 2, Waterloo, Clitheroe. Damage to Furniture.
FOREST GATE, E.7.—R. J. PALFREYMAN, 161, Station Road. Damage to Clothing.
MANCHESTER.—F. FORTH, 25, Linwood Street, Hulme. Damage to Furnishings.
DERBYSHIRE.—W. H. INGE, Anacre, Snelston, Ashbourne. Damage to Clothing.
Nr. BECCLES.—W. WACEY, 2, New Cottages, Toft Monks. Damage to Clothing.
WATERINGBURY.—G. A. WATERS, Wardens Cottages. Damage to Furnishings.
WOOLWICH, S.E.18.—G. H. BEERLEY, 98, Glyndon Road. Damage to Clothing.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£3 per week).

EDMONTON, N.18.—J. J. BROOKS, 60, Lyndhurst Road.

HOME ACCIDENTS (£1 per week).

BUCKS.—Mrs. ROWE, Stoke Hammond, Bletchley.
SOUTHSEA.—E. E. WARMINGHAM, 39, St. Paul's Road.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. C. CASTELLO, 7, Bridge Cottages, Stonehouse.
EALING, W.13.—Mrs. HOLTON, 22, Princes Road.
NORFOLK.—Mrs. PULL, Hangate Street, Aylsham.
DURHAM.—Mrs. RALPH, 10, Orchard Street, Pelton.
BURTON-ON-TRENT.—Mrs. HOWE, 73 Hawkins Lane.
ERITH.—J. E. RANSON, 64, The Park, Northumberland Heath.
CANTERBURY.—J. BOURNE, 63, Union Street.
SMETHWICK.—R. DERBYSHIRE, 434, Bearwood Road.
WEDNESBURY.—Mrs. C. BUTLER, 60, Hobs Hole Road.
UPPER HOLLOWAY, N.19.—A. E. PASK, 2, Stanley Terrace.
PECKHAM, S.E.—Mrs. L. PHILPOTT, 32, Carlton Grove, Queen's Road.
HIGHBRIDGE.—Mrs. LYNHAM, Brent Knoll.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS.—Mrs. E. BALAAM, Mere Farm, Gt. Barton.
STOCKWELL, S.W.—Mrs. M. EDEN, 26, Durand Gardens.
BATTERSEA, S.W.11.—A. E. ASHBY, 62, Albert Palace Mansions.
WELLINGBOROUGH.—J.W. CHAMBERS 41, Broad Green.
CANTERBURY.—Mrs. HEWITT, Fleet Cottages, Ash.
LLANELLY, CARM.—S. FULLEYLOVE, Cleveland House, Station Road.
SWANSEA.—Mrs. M. J. McKAY, 7, St. John's Road, Mansel ton.
PLYMOUTH.—Mrs. PHILLIPS, 21, Clarence Place, Stonehouse.
BUCKS.—Mrs. W. J. REDDING, Wingfield House, Great Kimble.
EALING, W.13.—Mrs. BAVERSTOCK, 54, Bedford Road.
GUERNSEY.—Mrs. M. MANGER, 20, Fountain Street, St. Peter's Port.
CREWKERNE.—W. R. BROWN, South Street, Blacknell Villa.
PORT GLASGOW.—H. MURDOCH, 17, Searlow Street.
ROTHERHAM.—Mrs. F. W. POOLEY, 9, Fernham Park Avenue.
DORSET.—W. A. BROWN, Longcross, Shaftesbury.
NEWHAVEN.—Mrs. F. SAVAGE, 60, Chapel Street.
SUNDERLAND.—G. W. SIMM, 56, Oswald Terrace, Grangetown.
PECKHAM, S.E.—A. E. BELCHER, 27, Lugard Road.
SUSSEX.—Mrs. G. W. CHATFIELD, Stile House, Pulborough.
Nr. BATH.—E. BEAKES, Oxford Street, Evercreech.
BIRMINGHAM.—W. AVERALL, 39, Aberdeen Street, Winson Green.
DUMBARTON, N.B.—J. GORDON, 18, Clyde Street.
NORWICH.—G. SPURGEON, 59, Plumstead Road.
LEE, S.E.13.—Mrs. DUMBLETON, 224, High Road.
PEM.—J. S. EVANS, 3, Victoria Avenue, Fishguard.

SIGN NOW—FORMS ON THIS PAGE

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL—*i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

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PREPAID RATE: 8s. PER LINE, AVERAGING 6 WORDS.
MINIMUM CHARGE, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "JOHN BULL," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and Beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

20/- CAPITAL and your living guaranteed. Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks 51 and 52, Houndsditch, E.1.

DRAPERY REMNANTS (Wholesale).—Reduced prices. 21-page Price List free, full of bargains in General Drapery, Fents, Blouses, Overalls, Hosiery, etc. Try a £1 or £2 Blouse Length Parcel for large profits.—Harry H. Clegg (Dept. B.), 96, High Street, Manchester (the English Firm).

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Send for Catalogue J free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 9, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2. Others from 2/6.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Lovaine, (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

ADVERTISE NOW.—Two lines (14 words), once, 50 provincial papers, 5/6. List free.—Fuller, Ltd., 1, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads, from 5/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills 3/6; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

RETAILERS' BARGAINS.

CYCLISTS!—The Fitzpatrick new edition of "Highways and Byways" is more interesting than ever. Customers "flabbergasted" at the unthinkable value of "Captain" Cycles! Tyres of first-class quality at staggering prices! Thousands of accessories. Just two words, "Catalogue, please," and this mighty big book is yours ABSOLUTELY FREE.—H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

BABY CARRIAGES direct from factory at half usual prices. Catalogue "B" free from Manufacturer.—Bolton, 390, Kingsland Rd., E.8.

INEXPENSIVE PRESENTS.—Specially designed Picture Postcard Albums for Kinema Stars, beautifully bound, lettered in gold "My Film Favourites." To hold 150 cards, price 1/6; to hold 200, 2/-; all post free.—Pictures Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

SUIT Lengths and Costume Gabardines. Any length cut. Patts. free.—The Bradford Tweed Co. (Dept. 10), 1, Manchester Road, Bradford.

THE IDEAL HOLIDAY.

EVERY BEAUTY OF BRITAIN is concentrated in the Isle of Man. Douglas is easy to reach, a haven of joy, bathing, brightness, beauty. Write to Mr. J. Chadwick for his tariff, from 12/- per day, board-residence, at Claremont Hotel, Loch Promenade, Douglas, I.O.M., one of the best in the Island. You'll be happy there.

MUSICAL.

MUSIC.—Special advertising offer; 10/- parcel of new Pianoforte Music for 2/6. Money ret. if dissatisfied.—Imperial Mus. Pub. Co., 51, Newman Street, W.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Illd. Catalogue free.—Dougan, 99, King's Chambs., South Street, E.C.2.

MARKETING BY POST.

FISH, straight from sea. Parcels 4/- upwards. Prime quality, cleaned, carriage paid. Fishmongers and Friers supplied.—Pearl Fish Co., Grimsby.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

WINDOW DRESSING.—A highly-paid, artistic and interesting profession. Postal tuition, low fees. Booklet free.—Dept. 30, Phœnix School of Business, Ltd., 439, Oxford St., W.1.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

ARE YOU AMBITIOUS? If so, a Metropolitan College postal training will enable you to compel high salaried success. Subjects: Accountancy, Secretaryship, London B. Com. Degree, Banking, Costing and Factory Organisation, Commercial and Company Law, Advertising and Sales Management, Business Organisation, Matriculation and professional Preliminary Examinations. 1,500 successes at professional examinations in 1921. Many intensely practical non-examination courses—moderate fees, by instalments, if desired. "Students' Guide," a handsome volume of 152 pages, free on request.—Metropolitan College, Dept. 31, St. Albans.

LEARN Massage at home and earn big money. Stamp for particulars.—Swedish Massage Institute, 104, Central Chambers, Commercial Road, Portsmouth.

"HOW TO Write and Sell a Picture Play" is the best book on writing for the films. Price 3/9, post free, from Pictures, Ltd., 88, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

£100 CHALLENGE.—Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, etc., positively and permanently cured without operation, rest, drugs, or bandages, by wonderful new scientific discovery. Instant relief, safe, painless, no experimenting, no relapse, no quackery, failure impossible. A certain cure, even if hospitals, specialists, surgeons, and other treatments unsuccessful. Hundreds of sworn testimonials. Sufferers should call or write NOW for copies, Booklet "B," and free sample. Expert male and female attendants.—Le Brasseur Surgical Manufacturing Co., Ltd. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London, W. Head Office—90-92, Worcester Street, Birmingham; Manchester Branch—Princes Chambers, 26, Pall Mall.

THE SURGERY of the Future.—Treatment by Manipulation.—J. Henry Jones, 49, Belsize Avenue, Hampstead (near Belsize Park Tube).

SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS, Shyness, Blushing. Send 3d. for interesting book on genuine cure.—Henry Rivers (Desk 34), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars stamp.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

HARPIC MAKES W.C. BOWLS A SPOTLESS PRIDE, without labour or danger. Ask your retailer for 6½d. tin, or send his name and address for free sample to Dept. 146, Harpic Co., Avenue Road, London, S.E.5.

PHOTOGRAPHY

KODAK Spools devel., ptd., and retd. next day. Best work. Mod. charges. Camera Barg. List for stamp. Exc.—Wallace Heaton, Ltd., 119, New Bond St., London, W.1, & at Sh. fl ld.

MISCELLANEOUS.

BLOW the man who invented stitches! We've invented something better! For mending tears "Mend-a-Tear" is indispensable to the mother, abolishing stitches. Send 2d. stamp for free sample.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

A WONDERFUL OFFER.—For Three Shillings we will send you post free our Bonanza Packet of Sixty Picture Postcards of Kinema Stars, all different, as selected by us. These cards are sold by us singly at a penny each.—Pictures Salon, 88, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Sir HARRY LAUDER
(The Scottish Artist),
in his BARRY SPORTS SUIT.

Made with Trousers if preferred.

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN TRADE MARK ASSOCIATION

A £6:6:0 GENUINE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT TO MEASURE FOR £3:10:0

THE GREATEST TAILORING FEAT OF THE CENTURY

Wherever you may reside (distance is no obstacle), you may have a Suit tailored to your exact requirements, even to the last detail, and made from the genuine products of the Scottish Woollen Association. This is the surest guarantee that your suit will be made from pure virgin yarn. The luxury of a high-class bespoke suit equal to the very best produced by exclusive tailors is therefore offered to you at the remarkably low price of £3 10s. to measure.

WE GUARANTEE TO FIT YOU PERFECTLY

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MADE WITH TROUSERS IF PREFERED:

Our simplified self-measure chart is unfailing. Our experience is so vast that even if you chance to make an error in filling our measure chart we can immediately detect it. We not only fit you perfectly, but we give you all those little personal details of collar, lapel, shoulders, hang of trousers so necessary to your perfect clothes comfort.

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PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
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The cure guarantee.
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The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

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To measure for
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Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

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PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS.
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
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Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

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ALL-WOOL BLUE SERGE SUIT for
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Guaranteed all Wool by Bradford Corporation Certificate.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS. Tweeds, Serges, Worsteds, Homespuns, Flannels, etc. No ordinary tailor could furnish you with so extensive a range of fabrics to choose among. They will be sent per return post paid.

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. With our patterns we send booklet showing the latest fashions in Men's Tailoring. Also the most convincing book of testimonials ever issued

ALL ORDERS ARE DISPATCHED WITHIN 7 to 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

S. A. BARRY & CO., Call or Write.

(J.B. Dept) 26, CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1 (Near Moorgate Tram & Tube Terminus.)

Telephone Number for Free Patterns: Clerkenwell 4309.

£3:15:0

Astounding Cash Bargain! This amount buys outright a nearly new Guaranteed-tested Bicycle.

ENFIELD, B.S.A., JAMES, HUMBER.

We guarantee that each and every part has been manufactured from specially-tested material by the above makers. Also brand new models of all makes from ... **10/-** monthly. Supplies at these bargain prices cannot lastly Limited. Post to-day.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Hearn Cycle Co. Ltd. (Dept. V), 234, GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.1.

"Whom Can I Ask?"

IF you are in any doubt about dangers to health, write to the National Council for Combating Venereal Diseases, 34a, Avenue Chambers, Vernon Place, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1, from whom free information and literature may be obtained.

Everyone should possess the "Welfare Library" (7 books on social subjects), 1/3 post free.

New Life Free

to Weak, Weary, Run-down, Nervous, Pallid, Rheumatic, Despondent Men and Women; Thin, Sickly, Undeveloped Children. GLANDETS restore Youth, Health, Energy, Strength, Vitality, Rejuvenate, Invigorate, Revitalise other sex. any age, where all else fails. Great Discovery. No Serum; but life-giving gland extracts in tablet form. Postcard for Free Trial. Write to-day. R. Percival Productions Ltd. 2 Albans

THE

CITY LIFE

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Premium Income Exceeds £450,000

Claims Paid Exceed - £1,600,000

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LEONARD ALDRIDGE.

SOFTENS CORNS & CALLOUSES LIKE WATER SOFTENS SOAP.

"Refreshing to the feet as mountain air to the lungs. Aches, swellings, soreness, tenderness, excessive perspiration, &c., soon had to go," says former sufferer from foot misery, who repeats a famous Harley St. specialist's advice.

After caustic liquids, cutting, plasters, and other temporary expedients had produced great pain but no relief, I consulted a well-known specialist. He explained that callouses and corns are simply hardened partly dead skin formed by shoe pressure, clogged pores, and poor circulation due to feet being the farthest extremities to which the heart must pump blood. Such growths are without nerves or blood vessels themselves, but they cause the acute misery by pressing on and irritating the extremely sensitive nerve tissues beneath. To refresh the feet, remove callouses and take corns out, roots and all, it is only necessary to rest them in hot saltrated water. This has no effect whatever on the structure of normal, healthy skin, but it immediately dissolves out the waxy substances from clogged pores, also the oil from hardened skin, and leaves the latter almost as soft as a piece of water-soaked soap. In fact, I was told by the specialist who prescribed saltrated water that its action on corns and callouses is quite similar to the effect of water on a piece of soap. To prepare the saltrated water, which is both *medicated* and *oxygenated*, simply dissolve in about a gallon of water a handful of the refined Reudel Bath Saltrates, which is obtainable at little cost from any chemist, this being the registered name by which medical men and chiropodists prescribe the compound.

Skin Rashes

Carried Arm in a Sling for Years. Furrowed with deep cracks and intensely painful. Cured by Germolene.

Mr. J. Light.

Mr. James Light, 12, Lyndale Road, Redhill, Surrey, says:—"Seventeen years ago a poisoned scratch caused a rash to break out on my shoulder, which spread all down my arm to the wrist. It was very painful, and the skin cracked all across, deep cracks you could lay a finger in. It got so bad finally that I could not use the arm (the right), and had to carry it in a sling. For two or three years I was like that. I tried all sorts of things, but nothing did any good. Then I got Germolene, and after a few dressings the arm looked better. The final result is that the disease is cured. The cracks have all filled up, and I can use my arm again. It is a bit drawn through being so long in a sling, but even that is getting better."

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema, Psoriasis, Rashes, Piles, Itching, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions, Cuts and Burns, Ringworm, Pimples, Chapped Hands, Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Awarded Gold Medals and Diplomas at 4 Leading International Exhibitions.

Price 3/- per tin, 1/3 the smaller size. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Germolene is manufactured in the same splendidly equipped laboratory as Dr. Cassell's Tablets, under the control of skilled chemists, from the purest ingredients, by

The Vono Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

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THE BOOK FOR

IDEAS!

COMPETITORS

MAKE YOUR OWN EFFORTS AND WIN

Just issued a wonderful Book called "NOTIONS" which will give you

A HUNDRED DOUBLE-MEANING SUGGESTIONS IN 10 MINUTES

THERE is absolutely **NO LIMIT** to the number of smart efforts you can evolve with this Masterpiece-work. **NOTHING JUST LIKE IT** has ever been published before. You can take any phrase in any Competition and turn to the subject that the phrase suggests and you get at once a number of witty, humorous or double-meaning suggestions that will assist you to

EASILY MAKE EXCELLENT LINES WITH WINNING CHANCES.

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ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, ETC.:—

A. L. SAWYER, 9 PRIORY PARK ROAD, KILBURN, LONDON, N.W.

Vol. XXXII. No. 865.
Week ending Saturday,
Aug. 12, 1922. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9866
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Irish Secretary's Future.

Sir Hamar Greenwood is to have a Governor-Generalship, and in no case will he go to the Home Office.

First with the News.

Lord Reading is not likely to stay in India much longer, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain will in all probability fill the vacancy.

Why The Delay?

The House of Commons Memorial to those who fell in the War is completed, but it remains covered up. When is it to be unveiled?

Nothing Doing.

Asked for an inquiry into the prisons, Mr. Shortt said he was "considering" the matter. Another of the contemplative school.

A Gross Scandal.

Coal has gone up two shillings a ton, thanks to the boom in export trade. How doth the busy profiteer improve the shining hour.

The Too-open Door.

British-caught fish are subject to an import duty in France. German-caught fish come free into this country. It tickles the Hun to death.

One-sided Finance.

This country is quite willing to pay the United States. Also it expects to be paid by its Allies. It does not believe in the remission of debts unless the remission goes all round.

A Picture Palace.

Mr. Speaker has induced several wealthy M.P.s to promise pictures for the panels in St. Stephen's Hall. They have risen to it as the one means of having their memories kept green.

A Graphic Story.

The English reporter to the League of Nations who takes down French speeches in English at 180 words a minute is regarded by the *Daily Graphic* as a wonder. He isn't. He's a fairy tale.

The Men to Ask.

Lord Salisbury says the Conservative Party does not know where it is being led. Why don't they ask the Prime Minister?

Non-fertile Legislative Eggs.

The House sat all night to discuss gloves and cooking-pots. But however long it sits it never seems to hatch anything.

The Reticent Don.

The principal of King's College, London, says that he was an oyster for twenty years. It is nothing to boast of. The pearl is not found in the shut oyster.

In Sheep's Clothing.

A well-known "patriotic" M.P. has just been discovered coquetting with a German magnate. Next week we shall deal with him and publish an amazing letter.

Dangerous "Jumpers."

We always regarded the "jumper" as an innocent "comfy," and rather charming affair. Now a doctor accuses it of causing hay fever. Really some of our medical wiseacres are the limit!

Food Prices.

Reduced railway rates should benefit the housewives. So they would, if the profiteers were eliminated. Compare prices: that is the slogan the profiteer dislikes.

The League of Slumber.

Who was the member of the League of Nations Council who fell fast asleep at the recent meeting at St. James's Palace? A delicate tribute to an unexciting debate.

The Cash Nexus.

Mrs. Nevinson says that if men would leave control of their expenditure to their wives, they would be delighted with the result. So much depends on who is meant by "they."

Mond Going.

There are certain to be changes in the Government before the Recess is over. Sir Alfred Mond is leaving the Ministry of Health, and will be replaced by the Paymaster-General.

The Cabinet Crowd.

There are, according to Mr. Chamberlain, nineteen members in the Cabinet. Most of them must get in each other's way. Otherwise the Cabinet would surely produce something.

Trusting to Luck.

Mr. Lloyd George told Major Barnes that he did not anticipate that any legislative action on unemployment would be required before the House met again. "Wait and see" dies hard.

Greek Fire.

Tino, the ex-Kaiser's brother-in-law, has backed down and has abandoned the insolent claim to occupy Constantinople. The War Lord habit dies hard: the thing it cannot survive is the ignominy of the kick.

Justice's Generosity.

The Northampton magistrate who paid the fine for an out-of-work labourer charged with riding a bicycle without a light deserves a passing tribute of thanks. It is well to temper justice with generosity.

The Whips.

The Government are in a dilemma. They cannot afford to risk a by-election anywhere to fix up the vacant Lordships to the Treasury, and so party funds bear the cost of the so-called unpaid Whips. Those secret funds!

Overloading the Panel.

According to the London Insurance Committee a panel doctor may now take on four thousand patients. Good for the doctor, perhaps. For the patient it can only mean hurried diagnosis and scamped treatment.

Leisure with Dignity.

The gibe that the Civil Servants, like the fountains in Trafalgar Square, play from ten to four has taken on a new lease of life. The country can't afford a Civil Service that costs three times what it used to.

A "Simple" Jewish Engineer.

Mr. Pinhas Rutenberg has placed £16,000 worth of orders in Germany and says that he will place British orders in due course. Perhaps one of the "nineteen Cabinet" will tell us the reason for this preferential treatment of Fritz.

An Innocent Earl.

The Earl of Onslow, asked about a teacher who justified the assassination of Sir Henry Wilson, said he had no information on the subject. Members of the Government never have. They live in a state of mild surprise at the things that keep on happening behind their backs.

Cheerful Cheltenham.

The Stiggins of the Cheltenham Town Council have succeeded in banning Sunday afternoon concerts in the public gardens. We suggest that the compulsory wearing of sackcloth and ashes would be a better symbol of public saintliness.

Training for It?

On the anniversary of the declaration of war, we were given a glimpse of the new shooting range in the basement of the House of Commons, which will be available for members next session. We hope this means that the people who land the country in another war will be prepared to fight it themselves.

Rogues and Vagabonds.

Bogus revue companies are on the increase. Ugly tales have been going the rounds lately. There was some talk of the authorities moving to suppress the rogues and vagabonds of the theatrical world. But that was months ago. We ought to have known what to expect from official promises.

Sporty Boy!

The good old British spirit is not dead yet. When a couple of youths were fined for fighting at Preston, one of them spoke up in manly fashion: "I'll pay the other chap's fine. I don't think he has any money, and I wouldn't like him to stay here." It's a pound to a pinch of snuff they shook hands afterwards and will remain friends.

Heroic Names.

Cannot the sobriquets of famous units be preserved unsullied? A political party has shamefully arrogated to itself the immortal cry of a heroic officer—"Die hard!" And now we find lazy cricketers being dubbed the "Stonewall Brigade." What memories of Ypres and Beaumont Hamel these names evoke, and how degraded they are by such application!

The Limit.

To their physical distress, many disabled ex-Service men have added the acute anxiety of wondering whether, should their disablement sooner or later result in death, their widows will receive assistance from the State. To lay down a limit of seven years as the maximum period between the actual wounding or other injury and the time of death, after which no pension is available to the widow, is as mean as it is unjust.

The Meddling Ministry.

In fining a Stratford milk-dealer £50, Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins said: "The irritation of parents who get weak milk for their children is more important to me than the irritation of the vendors," and said he would pay no attention to a Whitehall circular advising local authorities to be careful how they prosecuted milkmen for selling milk deficient in fat. A nasty knock for the meddling Ministry of Health.

Baneful Betting.

Nobody will waste sympathy on Albert Ward of Harlesden, whose moral conscience is so warped that he does not scruple to take betting slips and money from little children. One of the children, on the occasion when he was caught, was so tiny that she could not reach the house-knocker, and had to kick the door to attract attention. Ward was fined £50, and we hope it is enough to teach him a necessary lesson.

Getting almost Godly.

The Hackney Borough Council has at last got near enough to godliness to discuss the provision of public baths at Stoke Newington. It is about time other local authorities turned their attention to the crying need of such facilities for personal cleanliness in localities where most of the houses are still without such an essential feature as a bathroom.

The Baby Chase.

When newspapers publish large photographs of a portly policeman ineffectually chasing half-a-dozen naked urchins along the Serpentine it is about time the Authorities realised that the regulation prohibiting juvenile bathing before 1.30 p.m. only makes them and the police look ridiculous. Why the sight of children in the water should be more objectionable in the morning than in the afternoon is a mystery.

No Flowers.

For taking a few flowers from an allotment garden to place on his father's grave, the South Shields Magistrates sentenced a labourer to fourteen days' imprisonment. Though honouring the Fifth Commandment is a poor excuse for breaking the Eighth, such a sentence seems unnecessarily severe. It looks like a case of too much heart in the dock and too little on the Bench.

Greed and Greenstuff.

Owing to exceptionally heavy crops, farmers are ploughing their cabbages into the ground as manure. Meanwhile, greenstuff cannot be obtained in the shops except at prices which are prohibitive to the poor, simply because the retailers, who could obtain cabbages at 9d. for 2d, refuse to sell them at 1d. each, preferring to make a large profit on a small turnover. Disgusting!

A Silly Regulation.

A coster was hauled before Mr. Forbes Lankester, the South West London magistrate, because his barrow was not the regulation four feet from that of the next salesman! The magistrate, being a sensible man, refused to convict, remarking that the local authorities have no right to make such regulations. He might have added that the police could be better employed.

Equality at Last.

The chaplain to the Walsingham Board of Guardians, a Church of England minister, will shortly retire from his office. One of the guardians suggested that, as some of their charges were dissenters, an anglican minister and a nonconformist minister should be appointed as successors. After considerable opposition the motion was carried. A move such as this towards religious equality for all should be most cordially welcomed.

£300 for a Divorce.

The promises of Henry Arthur Freeman were always much better than his performances, and his wife Emma Rose, living apart from him, was compelled to invoke the aid of the law in her fight for proper support. At Lowestoft Police Court she sought further help. Freeman admitted that he offered her three hundred pounds to get a divorce, but suggested that she should return to him, as it would be cheaper. The effrontery of some men is beyond comprehension, and the Bench promptly decided that Freeman must pay his wife 30s. weekly to live alone in as much comfort as possible.

Mad Economy.

The well-fed members of the London County Council have started to economise at the expense of hungry children. The cost of free meals is to be cut down by half, which means that the children of the unemployed will have to be satisfied with less food. No wonder we produce C3 populations.

"The Little Hero."

William Girling, the ten year old son of the Mayor of Shoreditch, is as modest as he is brave. After rescuing from drowning two boys who got into difficulties in the Victoria Park bathing pond, he went home and said not a word about his exploits. If the rising generation of the British race are all made of stuff like that, the future of the Empire will be in safe hands.

Not His Job.

George Ernest Shipley, an attendant at the Cleveland Mental Hospital, has adopted the wrong vocation. He obviously is not possessed of the patience and self-control required by all who have to deal with the insane. Otherwise he would not have been fined ten pounds for punching a patient in the face on the most trifling provocation. Cowards and bullies do not sort well with lunatics.

A Touch of Humanity.

The Home Secretary does occasionally do the right thing, and show he has a sympathetic side to his nature. Otherwise he would not have granted permission for Thomas May, at present "doing time" in Cardiff Prison, to be released for three days to enable him to attend his wife's funeral. Or is it that Mr. Shortt is beginning to realise what the public expect of a Home Secretary?

Much Too Slow.

A little boy, William Oliver Netherton, of Tanfield, Durham, met his death while riding a bicycle at a very dangerous corner in Tanfield, by colliding with a motor waggon. Apparently the Council decided to widen this roadway some time ago, but nothing was done. No one disagreed with the Coroner when he stated that accidents happen while Councils consider. Ginger is certainly required at Tanfield.

A Human Triangle.

Mrs. Jarvis, of Kingston, her niece, Miss Day, and her maid, Kitty Hill, were bathing at Penton Hook, Staines, when Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Day got into difficulties. Kitty at once did her best to help them, although she could not swim. Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Day were saved, but Kitty was drowned. Mistress, Niece, and Maid! Just another variation of the eternal triangle, ending in tragedy for the one who should have triumphed by her self-sacrifice!

Beer too Dear.

At a meeting of the British Medical Association, Sir James Barr expressed the opinion that if there were cheaper beer there would be less social unrest. Mr. Clynes, M.P., leader of the Labour Party, says that most people do not want the beer stronger, but they do want it cheaper. All this is not new, of course. We ourselves, have grown tired of mentioning it. As, however, Mr. Lloyd George is a T.T., and Mrs. Lloyd George agrees with him, and the Government is hard up, and the brewers prefer to maintain their present profits on the water supply—well, there you are then!

An All-Round Thief.

Not only did Hugh Gleave steal the heart of Lily May White, of Birmingham, but he stole her money and her property as well. Now he is in gaol for his most callous conduct, and in such a case as this there should be no remission of sentence. Every day of the six months he was given should be served.

The Lure of the Pictures.

Even the little things of life often seem to end in tragedy! Frederick Clapham, of Lincoln, had a disagreement with his wife, Edith, about going to the cinema, and because he was too busy to accompany her she went and hanged herself. Oh, the pity of it! Soft words cost nothing, and self-sacrifice but little more!

Taught to Steal.

There are mothers *and* mothers, and Mrs. Ruth Ellen Senner, of Deptford, is one of the worst type. She encouraged her boys to steal fowls from Frederick Wood, and had no compunction about sharing in the plunder. She was sent to prison for six weeks. We have no sympathy for her, but we sorrow for her children!

Sauce for the Goose!

Viscountess Dunsford, wife of the Earl of Midleton's heir, is returning to the stage. We commend this news item to the local authorities busy dismissing married women doctors and teachers, often the wives of struggling professional and business men, on the ground that their husbands are earning enough to support them. Why should it be considered normal for an actress to continue her profession after marriage, and a crime for a woman teacher to do likewise?

The Drug Victim.

The Magistrate sitting at Marlborough Street was doubtless right in desiring to fortify a young woman's resolution to give up taking cocaine by putting her out of the way of temptation for three months, but need he have sent her to prison? Some sort of home might surely have been found for one against whom no suggestion of trafficking in the drug was made. The woman who supplied her and profited by her enslavement had already been sentenced.

Coddling the Farmers?

What is the brain wave behind the decision of the Warminster (Wilts) Rural Council to charge farm labourers 4s. a week for houses erected under the local housing scheme, while tenants other than farm labourers are to pay 7s. 6d. for the same houses? It looks uncommonly like an attempt to subsidise the farmer from the rates, by giving him a glorious excuse for paying low wages. Naturally the ratepayers are annoyed.

Child Martyrs.

We agree with Dr. W. H. Hamer, London School Medical Officer, that London school-girls require more play than they get. The eldest girl, in particular, is frequently the family drudge, and when she does get out to "play" she is more often than not struggling under the weight of a baby brother or sister. No wonder so many of them suffer from heart disease, anæmia and spinal curvature. Boys, who have a much easier time comparatively, should be made to pull their weight.

Sparing the Flog.

An amazingly lenient sentence was given to Thomas Henry Stokes, of Bletchley, for assaulting May Jenkins, a little maid of ten summers. There was no doubt at all about the evidence, but the brute was only fined three pounds. When will magistrates order a flogging to those who deserve it?

Left at Large.

And when Reuben Brilliant who had previously undergone two months' hard labour for assaulting a child, was again summoned at Westminster for a similar offence against a little girl of eight the magistrate merely bound him over. It is not surprising that parents are anxious and agitated by the thought that such a creature is left at large. Must we have a Ku-Klux-Klan to deal with such offenders?

Not Wanted Now.

We don't know much about R. Henly, of 104, King's Road, Evesham, but seeing that he qualifies an advertisement for two smart young men to help with a milk business by saying, "No ex-soldiers need apply," we are afraid his dairy produce would leave a bad taste in our mouth. The recollection of his disgraceful slur on our war heroes would turn it sour.

A Long, Long Trail!

Few men of sixty would care to face the ordeal of Robert Grant, a plucky Scotsman, who, at the age of three score years, has tramped 1,000 miles in a futile hunt for work. The poor old chap pushed a weather beaten pram., containing his five-year-old son, over every weary mile of his long, long trail. He is now seeking the assistance of a Scottish organisation in London to secure employment The old fellow has grit—good luck to him!

Poor Little Ladies.

Distress among women of the artistic professions gets worse and worse. Many who came to try their luck at acting, painting, and music early in the year, are glad to go home for a holiday. If they can persuade other girls in the village not to make tracks for the "golden paved streets" of London, much good will be done.

Attention!

Are the officers and men of the Cambridgeshire Regiment entirely ignorant of what the War Memorial in Hills Road, Cambridge, stands for? We ask the question because when passing it on their way to the station a few days ago they marched at ease. Surely the Officer Commanding should have called them to attention as a mark of respect to their fallen comrades!

Lenient Leycester.

We consider that Mr. Leycester, the Marylebone Magistrate, erred gravely on the side of leniency when merely fining Robert Carter, of Kentish Town—whom he characterised a dangerous man—for imperilling the lives of certain children by driving a horse and gig when drunk. Forty shillings, and five shillings costs is no punishment at all in such a case.

Show a Light!

We are receiving a disquieting number of complaints of short weight. The latest is from Lewisham, where the local Chamber of Commerce reported a test case in which a supposed pound of sugar weighed only 14 ounces. After considering the matter for two months, the Guardians declared they saw no legitimate ground for complaint. We should like to see a little more light shed on this shady subject.

THE GREAT AUGUST ENTERPRISE

by ARNOLD BENNETT

PEOPLE (except some of those who can't afford it) do a very strange thing every year—and generally about this time of year. They spoil their clothes by packing them close in boxes, and as a rule in the wrong creases. They more or less dismantle their more or less comfortable houses, and lock them up and leave them empty for the temptation of burglars. With difficulty and danger they transport themselves and their boxes to a railway terminus which is crammed with thousands of other persons engaged in the same sublime madness as themselves. They commit their boxes to the mercy of heaven—and sometimes do not see them again for weeks. They get into a train crammed with hundreds of other persons engaged in the same sublime madness as themselves. Some of them stand for hours in the train.

Having arrived at their destination they discover that they are in a town of average honest folk all of whom are calmly but sternly determined that the visitors shall not escape from that town with any money whatever in their pockets.

They are forced to fit themselves into inconvenient bedrooms, and to pass nights (with occasional dozes) in strange beds which may be good beds or which may be stuffed with new potatoes. They must eat food to which they are unaccustomed at hours to which they are unaccustomed.

It rains.

They plunge into a whole set of new habits and perform wondrous acts (such as wetting their heads and walking barefoot on sharp flints) for which they are physically unfitted. They are tumbling over one another from morn to eve. Wherever they go the crowd is greater than the place will hold. In addition to all this they have to cope with the disturbing qualities of a climate which is quite different from their own climate.

They return home, and it is ten to one that they have to send for the doctor to save them from the fatal consequences of indulging in what is alleged to be repose.

They probably curse themselves for foolishness. In thus cursing themselves they are wrong; for that which they have been doing, despite all its terrors, is not foolishness, but wisdom. You may call the enterprise a holiday or a rest, but in essence it is neither of these things. It is simply a change—of scene, of climate, and of habits. And change, far more than aught else was what they needed.

Practically all change is fifty per cent. a nuisance. Practically all change is eighty per cent. valuable—though it may not seem so at the moment. Beware of the desire to avoid change. Never say, never think: "I should really prefer to stay at home this year instead of going away." It is equivalent to saying: "I am getting old, and ready for the shelf."

THE BRANDED WIFE

Mrs. Allaway's Fight for Existence

IN a humble little home in Reading, living with her mother, there is a sad young wife whom the world seems to have abandoned to a fate which she by no means deserves. The grudge that the world bears against her is that she is the wife of a man who has been found guilty of murder.

Her name is Mrs. Allaway, and the one great problem which she is trying to solve is how she is going to find the work that will enable her to keep herself and her baby girl in respectability.

Like every other wife, under similar circumstances, she has fought a hard fight in an effort to save a husband whom she sincerely believes to be innocent of the charge of which he has been found guilty.

"The man who killed Irene Wilkins," she candidly confesses, "is a brute of the most callous type. I can never bring myself to believe that Tom was such a man. He has always been a good husband to me. I loved him, and he loved me. But if I thought he was really guilty I should not have a spark of sympathy left for him."

"He has written to me pleading his innocence. I have seen him since the judge passed sentence upon him, and in a voice choked back by sobs he assured me that he was an innocent man. 'You know me well enough, May,' he said, 'do you believe me capable of such a murder?'"

"How can I?" I was with him on the night Miss Wilkins met her death. It is true he left me for a short time, but I cannot for the life of me see how he did all he was supposed to have done so quickly."

The last two months or more have seemed like so many years to this innocent little woman, who, save for one or two dear friends and relatives, has been left alone to pilot her own frail craft upon a sea of many troubles. She is still tossed about like a derelict in a storm, holding on in the hope of saving the child who is yet too young to realise what has really happened.

The little girl cannot understand why her father should be away so long. What can a mother say, except that he has been called away and may be back soon? Who is to tell her the grim truth? These are times when a mother prays, and hopes that time will bring forgetfulness.

Meantime Mrs. Allaway has tried to get work, but her name has been sufficient to kill all hope. Were it not better for the world to look a little more kindly upon these innocent sufferers and try to help those to whom Fate has been unkind?

FLOATING HELLS

Sailors Sleeping in Fetid Fo'c'sles

FLOATING hotels is a description frequently applied to the leviathan liners which transport passengers in luxury across the Atlantic. A term more appropriate from the point of view of the seamen who work them is floating hells, for there is in these palatial ships many a hell-corner which never comes under the eyes of the passengers who marvel at the grandeur of their surroundings.

The greatest ingenuity and every available bit of space has been devoted to securing the utmost comfort and enjoyable recreation for wealthy travellers, but for nearly half a century the accommodation provided for seamen has been neglected.

While the pampered first-class passengers are reclining at their ease in magnificently appointed smoking-lounges and music rooms, or disporting themselves in the swimming-bath or gymnasium, the men upon whom the safety of their lives depends first and foremost and all the time are painfully endeavouring to snatch a little rest from their arduous labours in conditions which might well be regarded as repulsive by black savages.

Let us take a look at the "floating palace"—the marvellous *Majestic*. Her wonderful luxuriousness has been advertised *ad nauseam*, and endears her to every fastidious sybarite and voluptuous dollar millionaire who crosses the ocean.

But step for'ard and peep between decks. She has two fo'c'sles for deck hands, each containing twenty bunks. The space is so confined that the men have to sleep with their faces only twelve inches apart. Between these quarters and the bow of the ship are the latrines. There is no dividing door, nor has any ever been provided. The smells from these, especially in hot weather, and the odours from the sweating bodies of the men herded so closely together, combine to create a fetid atmosphere more easily imagined than described.

In the *Homeric* the "glory-hole," or stewards' quarters, are so dangerously stuffy that the men always reckon on being ill at the completion of a voyage, and have to depend upon their few days ashore to restore their health.

In the *Berengaria* the firemen mess in dark and dismal quarters, lighted only by two or three ports and a few electric bulbs. The adjacent alleyways are hot, even in port, and intolerable at sea.

In these circumstances it is not surprising to find that the death-rate among merchant seamen, especially from phthisis, is the highest known.

Here is work for the President of the Board of Trade.

PITY THE CHILD

Father's Fiendish Cruelty

THE mentality of some parents passes all understanding. They seem to regard their children as objects upon which to practise the most abominable brutalities, instead of regarding them as their own flesh and blood, and lavishing upon them the utmost care and tenderness.

A terribly pitiful story has just come to light in South Wales. Frederick Roderick, collier, of Tarenni Terrace, Godrergraig, was charged with the ill treatment and neglect of his own son, Thomas Rees Roderick, nearly fourteen years of age. Poor little fellow! He was badly beaten with a strap, and suffered extensive bruising all over the body, some of the limbs being much swollen and discoloured.

He was allowed to go very badly clothed, and his toes actually protruded through his boots, which were much too big. Even the neighbours complained about what they had seen.

The chairman of the bench was astounded that the child's condition had not been reported before, but the only plea the father could put forward in defence of his behaviour was that the boy had got out of hand. Roderick was merely fined a paltry three pounds. An amazing case and an astounding result! Such facts as these do nothing but place a premium on cruelty.

POLLUTING FOOD SUPPLIES

Disease Bred in Dirty Bakeries

BREAD, as the staple article of the people's food, has rightly been called the staff of life, but unless due regard is given to cleanliness in its preparation, it may become the spear of death.

Local Authorities are empowered to carry out periodical inspections of bakeries and cook-houses to ensure that they are kept in a clean and sanitary condition, and that there is no danger of the people's food being contaminated at its source. It is the greatest pity that these powers are not exercised more thoroughly.

Some recent investigations by the Senior Sanitary Inspector of the Hampstead Borough Council have revealed a shocking state of things in this connection. The fact that one of the concerns involved is among the largest purveyors of bread and pastry in London gives rise to justifiable uneasiness as to the horrors which may lie hidden in more obscure bakeries in districts where inspection is not so thorough.

Messrs. W. Hill and Son, Ltd., who in addition to their head offices have eight branch establishments in different parts of London, were summoned a few weeks ago in respect of two of their bake-houses in Finchley Road.

The Inspector stated that he found the bread bake-house in a very dirty and insanitary condition, and this description applied to the walls, the ceiling, the floor, and many of the utensils. On the top of the ovens there was a mass of dirt, dust and rubbish to the depth of a foot. The lift shaft was very dirty, and the walls were thickly coated with cobwebs. The storeroom was also very dirty, and the stores were covered with dust which had blown in through a broken window.

Similar conditions prevailed in the French pastry bakehouse, but to make matters worse, three or four yards away there were two conveniences which were exceedingly foul and smelled badly.

In both houses cakes and pastry were being made. The premises should have been cleaned every six months, but this had not been done since February, 1921.

The defending solicitor declared that the firm had one of the finest bakeries in London. We wonder what some of the second and third-rate ones are like!

The Magistrates rightly regarded the offence seriously, and imposed fines of £43 and £10 10s. costs. Notwithstanding this sharp reproof, a fortnight later the same firm was fined the maximum amount for manufacturing ice-cream in a cellar containing an opening to a drain.

In how many more establishments is food thus prepared?

HEART BREAKERS

Preying on the Miserable

THERE is in this country a steadily growing type of human vampire for whom only the penal systems of old Russia could devise a fit punishment. We refer to the conscienceless wretches who prey on the miserable shillings and pittances of ex-soldiers and the unemployed, commercial beasts whose sense of decency has sunk so low that even these poor pitiful pence come as fair game to them. They bait their hooks in the small Advertisement columns of the great dailies and weeklies, making specious offers of money to be quickly earned at any of a hundred and one simple tasks, adding that further particulars will be sent on receipt of 5s.

They do this well knowing that the ex-soldier, in his workless misery, will grasp at anything. In despair he clutches at these swindling offers.

He scrapes a few shillings together and sends them. And the rest is a mocking silence. These ghouls know only too well that the man who is down and out is helpless to hit back and so they wax rich in stealing the soldier's last poor bribes for living.

It is high time Scotland Yard took a survey of these despicable monsters, they are to be found easily enough in most Small Advertisement columns. Many old faces would be seen again if the Yard cared to look.

SINKING SHIPS AND COLOURED SEAMEN

"They may not save the passengers, but, *my word*, don't they save the dividends!"

Our Weekly KINEMA

Said Uncle Sam, across the dyke,
"Now, Balfour, don't be funny
Forgive *your* debtors if you like,
But I must have my money."

The boy whose brain with knowledge teem
May later prove a fool;
While many a brilliant man it seems,
Was quite a dunce at school

They say that though a player's phiz
May indicate distress,
There's no one knows what pleasure is
Until he's played at chess

Once more a soft restraining hand,
We had to lay on Tino,
For evidently he had planned,
A new bloodthirsty "beano"

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities.

To H.R.H. The DUKE of YORK, K.G., G.C.V.O., Buckingham Palace, S.W.

SIR,—Your camp at New Romney, with its 450 boys of all classes, recruited equally from factories and from Public Schools (including Eton and Harrow) is a thoroughly human scheme of social reform. Your association with the idea and the keenness with which you have joined in the camp life speaks volumes for your statesmanship and vision, and heralds a career of usefulness to the State.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. WINTRINGHAM, M.P., House of Commons, S.W.

MADAM,—The "refresher course" which you advocate for Members of Parliament would no doubt be an excellent thing. Judging from the general run of speeches from the back benches, if Members *ever* had any knowledge of the subjects they talk about, most of them have certainly forgotten it. It used to be the correct thing, for instance, before posing as an authority on industrial subjects, to go down and study the industry and learn to know the workers. But the only equipment that is considered necessary nowadays is a party label and a stack of Blue Books.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. G. A. SCULLARD, Meonstoke.

DEAR SIR,—The Meonstoke Parish Council got a little light relief from their labours when the Clerk read your letter demanding to be taken off the voters' list. "I consider it an insult," said this delightful document, "for any ordinary respectable person to be herded with every lewd fellow of the baser sort." You surely do yourself an injustice by calling yourself "ordinary." I should call you a Pharisee and a freak. However, I am sorry the stony-hearted Councillors did not accede to your request and remove your name. I have no use for prigs in public life.

JOHN BULL.

To GEORGE LESTER, Hawker, Loughborough.

SIR,—Either you are in your second childhood, or you are a hardened, callous old sinner. You tied your pony to a cart with a rope so short that it could not lie down, and then left it unattended, and unfed for four days! Have you not enough imagination to picture the poor beast's sufferings during those four awful days? In spite of your seventy-eight years I think the magistrates erred on the side of leniency in letting you off with a £5 fine, because they did not want to send a man of your advanced age to prison. For the future try to show that you have some humanity left in you.

JOHN BULL.

To CHARLES B. COCHRAN, Esq., Aldford Street, Park Lane, W.

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I don't much fancy the idea of this all-black revue which you are going to stage in London. A beauty chorus of negresses in silk stockings fails to thrill me as I suppose it is meant to do, especially in these days when so many British chorus girls are out of a job and utterly destitute. Besides, a Brighter London and a Blacker London seem to me somewhat contradictory.

JOHN BULL.

Telegram—
To the Right Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, M.P.

Understand the foundations of 10, Downing Street, are subsiding. Don't you think you ought to clear out in case of accident? What about going to the country?

JOHN BULL.

Telegram to the CLERK of the WEATHER.

I suppose you are doing your best, but I don't think much of it.

JOHN BULL.

To HENRY THOMAS KEMP, Esq., Recorder of Hull. Essex Court, Temple, E.C.

SIR,—The savage practice of sentencing mere youths to long terms of imprisonment is a sure way of manufacturing confirmed criminals, and anything that checks this pernicious practice is for the good of the community. You have done valuable service by publicly expressing your sympathy with Arthur Goddard, charged before you with shopbreaking, because, when only seventeen, he had been sent to penal servitude for ten years. What is more, you took this into account in passing sentence and let him off as lightly as you could. I hope your remarks will go home to those Judges whose ignorance of social science makes them a danger to Society.

JOHN BULL.

To the CHAIRMAN of the Rating Committee, Southwark Borough Council.

SIR,—Although the District Auditor has surcharged your Committee £294, I don't suppose it is interfering with your sleep. In sending you a tender for printing rate-books a firm of printers refused to sign an undertaking to pay trades union rates of pay. You very properly turned it down in favour of the next highest and the result is that you are called upon to pay the difference out of your own pockets. But of course, you will do nothing of the sort. Fair-wages clauses are essential in contracts for public work, and I am sure you will strenuously resist any bureaucratic effort to open the door to sweating.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. JOSEPH HENRY NELTHORPE, Blackburn.

DEAR JOSEPH HENRY,—I didn't think there were any mugs in Blackburn, but there is evidently one. Some talkative strangers joined you in the train and you let yourself be persuaded into playing that harmless-looking diversion known as the three-card-trick. The result was that before you got to your journey's end you were a poorer man to the extent of £19 10s. You are no doubt a wiser man now, though a sadder one and I hope you will remember that professors of the ancient art of "spotting the lady" are equally adept at spotting the simpleton. Steer clear of them!

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ALFRED MORITZ MOND, Bart., Ministry of Health, Whitehall, S.W.

SIR,—Although your Ministry is supposed to protect the interests of consumers it has issued a circular suggesting that local authorities should not prosecute milk-vendors for selling milk belowstandard, unless repeated tests have been made. By what right do you stultify the Food and Drugs Act in this way? Can you not see the very serious dangers that will almost certainly arise from this circular? It should be withdrawn at once in the interests of the public health, which you are paid £5,000 a year for "guarding."

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. M. ABEL, Underhill Road, Dulwich, S.E.

SIR,—You have come to the conclusion that it is quite impossible to be honest in business, and you have taken the trouble to write to the Press to say so. You instance the case of the office boy who is ordered to say that his master is out when he isn't. If you never do anything more dishonest than that in your business your qualifications for a harp and a halo will not be seriously impaired. It would be a very uncomfortable world if everyone always spoke the literal truth.

JOHN BULL.

Postcard to STEVE DONOGHUE, Newmarket.

DEAR STEVE,—Very glad to hear there is no truth in the rumour that you are retiring from the saddle to take up training. But I don't suppose the bookies will be so pleased.

JOHN BULL.

We pay Death Claims and Fire and Accident Claims, too! Register NOW!

Without Fear or Favour

by The Editor

The Madness of Dean Inge

THE Very Rev. Ralph Inge, D.D., would never have been taken seriously but for the accident which made him Dean of St. Paul's. From that historic pulpit his words come with a weight which is not their own. Consequently when the Dean misuses his position to belittle the British character and travesty its noblest achievements we are bound to protest.

The Great War, says the Dean, was an ignoble squabble in which there was no clear issue of right and wrong. The warring nations, without distinction, were goaded by squalid motives into a senseless orgy of blood from which no clear purpose emerged and no good was to be hoped. The British and the French, the Germans and the Austrians, the Turks and the Bulgars, were "all stark mad together." A strange gospel to be preached from the pulpit of our national Cathedral within four years of the Armistice!

The mischief is that in countries where the accidents which exalt little men into great positions are imperfectly understood, the croaking of the Dean may be mistaken for the voice of the nation. It may be thought that already we have fallen into a mood of self-abasement, that we are ashamed of the part we played in the war, that the cause for which we fought was one which our consciences can no longer approve. Such a suggestion is blasphemously untrue.

We deplore the havoc of the war and shall mourn our losses while life endures; yet in our hearts we know that, confronted again with the same grim challenge, we could not in honour make a different choice. We fought because, in the undying phrase of Luther, "before God we could do no other."

Bitter memories are cruel enough without the added gall of cynicism, and it is a poor service the Dean renders the British people in sneering at their sacrifices and calling them fools for their pains. It would befit his sacred office if Dean Inge would more often recognise that among the dross of humanity are streaks of the purest gold.

Penalties and Pledges

THERE can have been few more amazing documents in the annals of diplomacy than the Earl of Balfour's recent note on the subject of war debts. Quite bluntly, and without a murmur of apology, it offered, as far as Great Britain was concerned, to forgive Germany the whole sum of reparations laid down by the Treaty of Versailles.

This astounding proposal, which in a sentence made hay of the Prime Minister's sworn undertakings at the last General Election, was subject to one important condition, namely, that the United States of America should engage to forget and forgive the debt of £850,000,000 owing to her from Great Britain.

The Balfour Note must be taken to represent the considered policy of the British Government, and the plain citizen, once he has grasped its true purport, will be aghast at its levity. The mutual cancellation of war debts between the Allied and Associated Powers may be a matter for friendly discussion, but the reparations due from Germany for her unprovoked assault upon civilisation are on an entirely different footing and should be kept rigidly apart.

The issue is a moral far more than a financial one. The debt owed by the Germans—one which in our judgment they are well able to pay—is not ours to forgive. It is a debt to the principles of righteousness and justice, to the cause of civilisation, to our maimed heroes and to the valiant dead. To juggle with this solemn obligation, as the British Note suggests, is a cynical betrayal of the nation's trust.

London Home of Vice

IT was in 1913 that a woman calling herself Queenie Gerald, who for some time had masqueraded as a lady of position, was convicted at Marlborough Street of keeping a brothel and sentenced to two months' imprisonment. The circumstances of the charge were of a most revolting description, it being proved beyond doubt that at her flat—then situated over the Piccadilly Circus Tube station—this depraved woman had superintended nightly orgies of the most bestial kind. This was nine years ago, and with the outbreak of war the evil name of Queenie Gerald faded from the public memory.

All the greater was the shock when, in April, 1920, it became known that, untaught by her prison experience, she had established herself in a flat in Maddox Street, W., where, under the very noses of the police, a similar "business" was carried on. At this time strong pressure was brought to bear upon the authorities to put an end to the scandal which allows a pest house of this description to exist in the heart of the West End, but we are in a position to state that from that day to this nothing whatever has been done.

Encouraged by her immunity from the ordinary processes of the criminal law, Queenie Gerald—who now uses the name and title of the Hon. Geraldine Queenie Gerald Gaynor—has gone from bad to worse, and continues without check or hindrance to pander to the worst instincts of sex perversion.

Remember, the character of this woman is well known to the police, yet to-day she flaunts her brazen personality in the gilded haunts of the West End openly and insolently, and scoffingly boasts of the powerful influences that ensure her protection. Shady stories attached to great names are familiar in her mouth as household words. The thing is a byword in the West End, a byword and a reproach, reflecting the gravest discredit upon the authorities. We do not necessarily blame the police, but we demand to know through whose influence this vampire is saved from her deserts.

There are sinister rumours afloat, and we shall not rest till we have solved the mystery. If it is true that the police have in their possession evidence to procure the conviction of Queenie Gerald on charges far more serious than that formerly proved against her, but that they are restrained by some hidden influence from launching the needful proceedings, it is time the whole sordid scandal was dragged to the light of day.

The atmosphere of the Maddox Street establishment is incomparably vicious. It caters for the forms of vice usually described as Oriental, involving the utter degradation of women and girls and the wanton perversion of the normal instincts of sex. We charge the authorities that, while poor unprotected drabs of the street are harried for "soliciting" and made to bear the full penalty of the law, the pampered mistress of this Mayfair flat is permitted to ply her disgusting trade with entire impunity and to the accompaniment of orgies before which the hardened man of the world may well recoil in sick horror.

We say that this is taking place to-day in the heart of the West End; that the denizens of this vile establishment are untroubled by the risk of police raids, and that the Hon. Geraldine Gaynor has amassed a fortune from filth without so much as the tremor of an eyelid which might betray her fear of the law. Police officers engaged in the detection of the cocaine traffic might well turn their attention to Mrs. Gaynor's flat, for dope habits and sexual degeneracy go hand in hand. The Maddox Street premises, which pass as a private residence, contain the whole apparatus of debauchery; they are a perfect emporium of vice.

This woman plies her horrid trade within a stone's throw of Vine Street police-station, night and day, all the year round. True, it does not flaunt itself, but on the other hand there is no special attempt at concealment. This is the mystery which must be ended, unless we are content to tolerate the activities of a fiend in female shape whose sole mission in life is the pollution of youth.

A Whitewashing Report

THE Committee appointed to enquire into the alleged asylum scandals, outlined by Dr. Montagu Lomax in his book, "The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor," has presented its report, and we are bidden to believe that the lot of the average lunatic in a public institution is a bed of roses. Still, we are far from satisfied.

In spite of the liberal use of whitewash, there is a good deal in the Report which reads unpleasantly, and we fancy that a more impartial tribunal would have had a different tale to tell. It is easy enough, as the Minister of Health, an old Parliamentary hand, knows very well, to get the right sort of Report if you have the right sort of Committee, and we knew pretty well what to expect from such investigators as a past and a present asylum Medical Superintendent, and the Chairman of the Asylum Committee of the London County Council.

In their view, of course, there is "nothing like leather," but we decline to believe that the evils to which Dr. Lomax has drawn public attention are non-existent. The contrary has been too clearly proved.

"Best o' Luck!"

"Best o' luck, Sir Kreemy Knut!"
"The same to you!" he cried:
"You've got Sharp's Super-Kreem aboard—
You'll sure enjoy the ride!"

HEALTHY youngsters are apt to be reck'ess in the risks they run, particularly in the matter of sweets. Take care that they have sweets that will do them good, as well as provide the utmost enjoyment, by buying them Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee.

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BH

GERMAN AGENTS BUSY

Advocates of Strife Among Miners

THE knowledge that there are more than 3,000 agents in this country doing their utmost to stir up strife among the working classes will no doubt be treated with something akin to scorn by those who cherish the belief that Communism has played all its cards and lost the game entirely. We warn all such people that they are living in a fool's paradise.

Ever since the Armistice in the coal-mining villages of South Wales, Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands and Scotland these agents have worked, and are still working, steadily in conjunction with their kind in our overseas dominions to cripple the stability of the British Empire.

An insidious propaganda is being carried on by a ruthless gang with headquarters in Berlin. Many of the agents are of German and Russian nationality, who have a working arrangement with Moscow Communists and the Irish Self-Determination League in London.

The coalfields of Great Britain have been chosen because there at the moment is to be found the most fertile ground for sowing the seeds of discontent. Unemployed men with starving wives and children are always willing to listen to tales of exploitation by capitalists.

Some of the agents actually have found work in the mines. Others dressed as miners, tramping from village to village, under the pretext of looking for work, spread the gospel of revolution at every little public house and tavern, and, Heaven knows that the poor miner is passing through troublous times and his mind is being poisoned by unscrupulous beasts.

There are documents in existence which contain amazing details of the manner in which German propaganda is being spread. Not only are the names of agents given, but the places where the agents have worked, and facts concerning secret meetings held to urge strikes with violence. The documents contain, too, full information regarding well-known ringleaders in London. And the weapons advocated are dynamite and bomb.

Well may we ask: What are the authorities doing to allow these revolutionaries to land in the country!

The Irish Self-Determination League is linked up closely with the murderers of Berlin and Moscow. Between the London offices of the former and the headquarters of the Communist Party at 16, King Street, Covent Garden, a woman acts as a sort of intermediary.

Quite recently Mr. C. B. Stanton found to his amazement an entry in the account books of one of the South Wales Mining Lodges voting a sum of money to a society called the "Dublin Small Arms Organisation," which speaks for itself.

The trouble in South Africa and in India may be traced to the same source. It seems too absurd that while some leaders of labour are doing their utmost to soothe the ruffled tempers of the working classes foreign paid agitators, advocating strife and murder, should be permitted the free run of the country. It is time those responsible stopped day-dreaming!

DOUBLE FORTISSIMO!

Piano Tuner's Paltry Tricks

OF all the blatant money-lending touts that have come under our notice, the one that most easily beats the band is a piano tuner named R. W. Evans, who carries on operations from 123, Olinda Road, Stamford Hill, London, N.

The sage advice of old Polonius, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," holds no appeal for this melodious mountebank, for he is both. He borrows from Peter to lend to Paul, and makes a tidy profit out of the transaction.

He states in his circulars that he had been a piano tuner in Tottenham, Edmonton, Enfield and surrounding districts for upwards of 35 years, and when he commenced money-lending it was only among his piano tuning connections. The business grew until it necessitated his taking out a money-lender's licence, and he is now open to lend from 5s. to £2 at a *weekly* interest of 1s. 6d. in the £. He doesn't mention that this amounts to nearly 400 per cent. per annum.

But if you are not in need for the moment of an advance, and have any spare capital "laying" idle—he is probably thinking of the goose that laid the golden eggs—he will gladly borrow it from you, paying a *monthly* interest of 2s. in the £.

Gladly, indeed, seeing that he makes a profit of 270 per cent. per annum.

And if, having entrusted all your spare capital to Evans on these terms, you should find yourself temporarily in need of a little hard cash, who more willing than Evans to come to your help?

At the foot of his circular he blandly adds the following "Special Note":—

"All clients holding a Promissory Note from me and receiving a monthly interest from same, have the advantage of having loans from me at a much lower interest than an ordinary borrower."

Naturally, since you are only borrowing back the money you have lent him!

What a game!

HARSH WAY AT HOSPITALS

Bad Treatment of Poor Chester Mother

IT is always unpleasant to have to criticise hospital administration. The hospitals of this country have been built up by the generosity of generations of benefactors, by the contributions of ratepayers, and their aim is the mitigation of suffering and alleviation of distress.

Sometimes the officials overlook this primary consideration and adopt a peremptory and inconsiderate manner that increases instead of alleviating distress.

Mrs. Frankby, of Wirral, Cheshire, makes a complaint in this connection. A poor struggling woman, the mother of eight children, had got one of them, who suffered from tuberculosis, into Chester Royal Infirmary.

Shortly after she received a peremptory note from the Sister of the Children's Ward, instructing her to bring her boy's clothes, boots, shoes, hat and coat, and a change of underclothing, and to be prepared to take him to the convalescent home at Parkgate.

Without money to pay her fare to Chester, with several other mouths to feed, this poor woman went round trying to raise funds to help her ailing boy. In consequence she was a day late, and was subjected to sharp remarks and reproaches.

This is not the right treatment for a poor distressed mother, and we are glad to see that the Wirral Guardians have expressed their sense of the harshness of this incident.

Perhaps the Hospital authorities will look into it. It would be a matter of deep regret if our charitable institutions were to lose the confidence of the poor, for whose benefit they exist, because of the lack of intelligence and consideration in their administrative systems.

THOSE — LASCARS

Sailors Who Never Were

by SEAMARK

HUMAN life will continue to be unnecessarily lost at sea as long as the Board of Trade countenance the manning of passenger ships by lascars, for the simple and sufficient reason that the lascar never was and never will be a sailor—a sailor, that is, in the great sense of the word, one who pridefully takes to sea with him as part of his subconscious kit an unswerving respect for discipline and an unquestioning obedience to the voice of authority.

I use the word "lascar" as a generic term covering not only the coastal Hindu (who is the real lascar), but the whole gamut of coloured folk from the Asiatic, Malay, Arab, and plain dago to the thousand and one inextricably cross-bred human creatures who take their first look at the sea from anywhere east of Malta, but who nevertheless pass as "British" seamen in ships that sail under the Old Red Duster.

THERE is an old saying among sea-captains the world over—though it would be difficult to persuade them to tell an Official Inquiry Bench so—that "the more of the tar-brush, the less of the sailor," meaning that a seaman's incompetence increases with the depth of his colour.

It is a tragedy in itself that every inquiry into cases of this nature elicits the same painful information—the lascars not only lose their heads completely, but they are utterly ignorant of the primal essentials of seamanship in the time of stress. They do not know to what boats they are posted, which "falls" they are supposed to man, or even to which side of the ship they are assigned in cases of emergency.

THE white sailors always know what their duties are. They make it their business to find out. They get their information either from official sources on the afterdeck or from carefully compiled plans and diagrams hung up in the fo'c'sles.

The lascar never knows these vital matters, the two chief reasons being:—

1. He is not sufficiently interested. He is first and foremost a fair weather sailor and hopes always for the best. And he has not the intelligence to grasp even the main essentials of community safety.

2. Here I give the Board of Trade a word in its ear. Only one per cent. of the genus can read sufficient English to distinguish between collision station orders, hung up on the fo'c'sle notice boards, and the ship's watch bills.

Even when the lascar is patiently drilled into playing his proper part by daily rehearsals in various parts of the ship the whole organisation automatically breaks down the moment the smash occurs, for the lascar is physically incapable of facing danger calmly. He jumps, all standing, into an instanteous panic, and in that condition he becomes an even greater horror than the sea itself. He either flops down where he is, an abject, grovelling, terror-stricken incapable, or he runs amok—rushes up on deck yelling like a demented dervish, adding chaos to the confusion already reigning. It is not the lascar's fault. It is an ineradicable racial characteristic, as much a component part of his atomic structure as is the Britisher's stolidness under similar conditions.

IT has been argued that it is not a lascar's duty to save white lives at the sacrifice of his own. While agreeing wholeheartedly with the sentiment I retort that he has never been asked to. A sailor's only excuse for being on board ship is his ability to obey orders instantly, and this a lascar cannot do. It is the proudly accepted duty of the crew, when the order goes forth to abandon ship, to get the passengers off first, in good order but with utmost despatch. They alone can do it, and even then only by instant compliance with every order from the bridge and *by keeping their heads.* Mad, shrieking lascars only add a thousandfold to their already harassing difficulties, and it is more than time that the Government stepped in and cast these unstable wretches out of all good British ships. While they remain they are a danger to passenger life at sea.

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE function of a Judge is to administer justice. It is necessary to reiterate this curious old platitude at the commencement of any essay dealing with the subject, because the modern tendency of judges is to ladle out their own claptrap opinions and ignore the higher issues of law.

Mr. Justice Horridge is as good an example as we have of the professional moraliser turned judge. He appears to imagine that his real job in life is to "tick off" anyone who is not in a position to return the compliment and to deliver castigatory comments on other people's behaviour. Of course his attitude is symptomatic of the age. It is difficult nowadays in any walk of life to escape from the man who delights in moral strictures of someone else's conduct. But outside the Law Courts you are always free to throw things at his head, whereas inside them you can only grind your teeth and pray that you will meet him again in a quiet place where the odds are not all in his favour.

IT is dreadful to have to preach against these preachers, but it can't be helped. They leave no alternative. Something must be done to stop the disease. No President of the Court in France would dare to take the liberties some of our Judges arrogate to themselves almost daily. Legal men are fully alive to the dangers of this unrestricted licence to

Mr. JUSTICE HORRIDGE

moralise, and Mr. Justice Horridge is rapidly gaining the same unenviable reputation in his own profession as Mr. Justice Darling's.

A certain Judge in Scotland once said: "The best thing to do with law-books is to burn them!" Whereupon learned counsel deftly interjected: "I quite agree, my Lord; but may I suggest that you read them first?" The Judge laughed .... What a commentary on our English Courts! Can you see Mr. Justice Horridge laughing if he were the recipient of this palpable hit? I can't. What I can see is lengthy exhortation on the necessity to keep inviolate the dignity of the Court, interspersed freely with moral reflections concerning the respect due to the Bench.

He would, in fact, make an excellent sergeant-major in the regular army. He is abnormally gifted with that faculty which every good sergeant-major has in a peculiar degree: the faculty of "putting the wind up." And he is fascinated by the possibilities of "piling on the agony."

ALL this started in the most ordinary manner. Mr. Justice Horridge is simply a gentleman who likes to hear himself talk. He entered the legal profession because it promised wonderful facilities for turning on the tap of eloquence. But when he was promoted to the Bench, he found that his gifts were likely to rust. So, with the kind assistance of prisoners in the dock, he lubricated them. That's the situation in a nutshell. Add to it his natural inclination to moralise, and we get the finished article that everyone dreads to meet in an official capacity.

AT present we are cursed with two kinds of Judges, who may be broadly designated as preachers and punsters. Which is worse—the man who moralises or the man who monkeys? It's purely a question of taste. I, personally, prefer the monkey—though he'd be more entertaining in a cage than on a bench.

Believe in Your Own Value

by The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MIDDLE age is said to be the period of disillusionment, and perhaps it is for most people, though some are more conscious of the fact than others.

A young man starts out with the full assurance that he is going to make his mark in life. But nothing very wonderful happens. He has his periods of ill-luck, occasionally a severe set-back, and once or twice, maybe, something worse. Suddenly he awakens to the discovery that youth is behind him and that in all human probability he has not much higher to climb. His place is in the ranks of mediocrity after all.

What is the effect upon him? At first, perhaps, astonishment. He expected something different. He looks around and sees others with no better qualifications than he originally possessed, leaving him far behind in the race, and he cannot understand it. He may begin to give way to bitterness and depression of spirit—some do—but it is much more likely that he will simply cease trying and become content with a lower level of service and aim. He consciously, or unconsciously, measures himself against the big men in his own particular line, and feels that it is hopeless to attempt to do much with what remains to him of life and opportunity.

This is quite wrong. Every man has his own peculiar worth in the world, a worth in which none can rival him. He is just himself, not a person who does indifferently what another does supremely well. He is what none other can ever be, he does what none other can ever do. He has something to contribute to the common stock, something wherewith to enrich the common life, which would be missing if he were not here. He who fully realises this truth will envy no man.

PRAYERS THAT ARE CURSES

by

HAROLD OWEN.

IN New South Wales, as here, the ubiquitous "Reds" have been busy among the children, teaching them hymns that are blasphemies and prayers that are curses. And the Minister of Education out there, in a community that is not old, effete, or "reactionary," has very promptly taken that little bull by the horns by seeing that the little ones are taught loyalty instead of sedition.

Once a week they assemble before a stand on which is draped the Commonwealth flag—our own Union Jack, with a local difference. Hats off, and they do their little lesson: "I honour my God—I serve my King—I salute my flag." Salute duly given, and the little ceremony is over.

There are scoffers in New South Wales. There will be scoffers here. Silly people here, as there, will say it is a silly business; but wise people, here and there, will take no notice of the silly people there or here. For the innovation needs no other justffication than that if we are to have the bane we must have the antidote.

"Reds" believe in catching their victims young (in Russia they even give prizes to those bright boys who will betray their anti-Bolshevik parents to the Soviet tyrants) and their tactics must be counteracted. It is necessary to be only very slightly sane to see that it is worth just a little effort to secure that the next generation shall be one of God-fearing loyalists rather than their God-denying opposites.

But the little ritual is defensible on its own merits, and not merely as a counter-stroke; for if religion, patriotism and loyalty are virtues at all, then the sooner they are inculcated the better. You may remember that before the War there was great activity among our "moderns" and "intellectuals" to ensure that no breath of patriotic teaching should corrupt the young.

Boy Scouts were denounced because they wore "a sort of cow-boy militaristic uniform" and were taught discipline. "That leads to militarism!" said the "intellectual," already smoothing the path for the "Red." School-children were asked to salute the flag once a year, on Empire Day. "Terrible! That leads to Imperialism!"

The late Sir William Byles, M.P., one of the chiefs of this band of Dismal Jimmies, carried the matter a little further by protesting, in 1913, against the Admiralty using "such provocative names" as *Implacable*, *Vindictive*, and *Revenge* for its battleships. Apparently he would have preferred that the Navy should have sailed into the Great War with H.M.S. *Bashful* or *Reluctant*, mounting wooden guns.

We are slowly working our way through the dreary, pernicious and perilous nonsense that treats patriotism as a disease, and we shall soon come to see, here as well as out there, that it is better our children should be taught to honour God and country—to salute the faith and the land of their forefathers—than to sing hymns that are blasphemies and mutter prayers that are curses.

MAKING YOUR

by A. G.

"THERE exists no means of from flying over London which would poison its millions will invent a machine so terrible terrifying that man himself will ever."—THOMAS EDISON.

I WISH we could dismiss Mr. T. A. Edison as a scaremonger. Unfortunately we cannot. He is the most eminent of living scientists, and what he says about Lewisite must be accepted as scientific fact. In a long interview with him, just published in a Parisian newspaper, he states that this poison gas, invented in America towards the close of the war, has been so perfected by German and Japanese scientists that a small fleet of aeroplanes discharging it could obliterate the population of London in three hours.

It is idle to say that such a horror is unthinkable. We could have said that ten years ago. We still had some rags of civilisation then. We believed that war had its laws—and even its chivalries. We know better now. We know that when war has once broken out it is a landslide into horror and that no limit can be set to it.

The old forms of war have gone for ever. War used to be a struggle between armed forces, from the barbarities of which the unarmed citizen behind the lines was immune. The aeroplane and the submarine have changed all that. They have made the civilian front the most vulnerable to attack, and in the next war gas will be the chief weapon, and the cities will be the chief objective.

THIS is not a nightmare of the imagination. It is as obvious and matter-of-fact a certainty as that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. Armies are obsolete. Battleships are obsolete. War belongs henceforth to the chemist and the inventor. It will be war in the laboratory, and the country that can produce the most deadly poison gas with the most expedition will be the victor. That is the position we have arrived at after centuries of Christianity.

What is to be done about it? If there were any sanity left in the world our statesmen would not be absorbed in the futile wrangle about who is to pay whom. They would know—indeed, they do know—that reparations and debts are so many bricks tied round the necks of the drowning nations and that we are all dragging each other under. They would cut their losses, get to business, and consider how they could save civilisation from Lewisite.

OF course it is not Lewisite only. It would be more accurate to ask how we are to save civilisation from science. We have created a monster that can destroy us, and, as the war has shown, will destroy us unless we can control it. No one thought when the aeroplane was invented that an unprecedented terror had been added to life. No one realised that it had changed the whole nature of war—that it had changed war from an honest struggle between disciplined men to an indiscriminate massacre of helpless, unarmed civilians—men, women, and children.

We believed that the laws of war and the instincts of humanity forbade such things. We have discovered that the laws of war are scraps of papers, and that when humanity runs amok its instincts are the same as the instincts of the mad dog. We thought there were things men could not and would not do, and now we know that we did not do them because we had not discovered the way to do them. We discover how we can massacre unarmed people and we proceed to massacre them.

Or take the submarine. That has destroyed the traditions and practice of war at sea as the aeroplane and poison gas have changed them ashore. It has made sinking at sight and the wholesale murder of civilians at sea a commonplace of war. Science invented the means and the rest followed as a matter of course.

THOMA

The late Lord Fisher prophesied that it would. He showed me a memorandum he wrote six months before the outbreak of war, on the use of the submarine in war, in which he indicated with absolute accuracy what happened.

Don't let us suppose that we can protect society by making laws for the submarine. We can make the laws, but when war comes they will go like smoke. Have we forgotten the revelation by Lord Lee, the First Lord of the Admiralty, at the Washington Conference, of the defence published in a French semi-official naval paper of all the submarine methods adopted by the Germans during the war?

It showed that the military mind is the same in every country. Do not let us cultivate illusions. There is nothing that humanity will not do in war. There is no weapon it will not use. There is no barbarity to which it will not descend. The means to do ill-deeds make ill-deeds done.

And I repeat, how are we to protect civilisation from science? We cannot prevent the

FLESH CREEP

ARDINER

venting a flotilla of aeroplanes o-morrow and spreading a gas three hours. One day science its possibilities, so absolutely appalled and renounce war for

cientist from inventing. When Wilbur Wright taught the world to fly, we did not ke him out and shoot him. We hailed him a great discoverer. It did not occur to him to anybody else that he had invented mething that would barbarise war, and that ould be the vehicle of poison gas and bombs obliterate great cities.

We cannot preach a holy war against knowdge and the development of knowledge. e might as well preach against the ebb and w of the tide. We may doubt whether we are the better on balance for the discoveries of science—whether flying in the air or sailing under the sea or being able to send a cannon ball twenty miles, or make an explosive that will shake a mountain has contributed to our happiness, our wisdom, or our well-being.

But we cannot prevent these things being done or put a limit upon the curiosity of man. We are probably only at the beginning of the revelation of the forces that the scientist will release. He has only touched the fringe of the secrets of radium and coal-tar. He may discover that he can perform prodigies with the rays of the sun. He may find that se rays can be converted, by touching button, into a terrific weapon of dection. He may discover that he can hdraw the vitalising elements from the and reduce the earth to a dead planet. e no limits to his possibilities for good evil.

ISON

t is useless to think that we can control him the interests of any particular country. old sort of war with its competition in s and ships and men was mad enough; at least it was calculable in some ree. You could count the ships, and units, and measure the forces. But the war invented by the scientist is lculable.

TAKE our own case. For four hundred years, with one brief interval, we have been masters of the sea, but who can say we are masters of the sea to-day? Who can say what sea-power is to-day? The German navy lies at the bottom of the North Sea. It was the only serious rival we seemed to have in the world. Yet now that it has vanished our naval position is as disquieting as it has ever been. It is tolerably certain that the day of the big ship has gone for ever. The scientists have dismissed it to the rubbish heap. The vision of the aeroplane above and the projectile of the submarine beneath have undermined its prestige, and though we shall go on building it for years, it is probably as out-of-date as Nelson's *Victory*.

No one knows what the new master-key of sea-power is to-day. We know that sea-power has been revolutionised, but we do not yet know what shape the revolution has taken. Is sea-power mainly in the air, on the water or under the water? France thinks it is in the air and under the water, and is putting her money in mosquito craft. Perhaps she is right, but it is all guesswork. What we do know is that science has largely obliterated the English Channel; that our isolation has gone, that the aeroplane has made us vulnerable to external attack, and that the submarine menaces the life-line by which we live.

IT may be that science, having produced this disconcerting upheaval of the basis of our defensive position, may provide some other surprise which will be to our advantage. But the point is that no nation can rely on the scientist being its friend. America had the luck to invent Lewisite—happily too late in the war to use it—but according to Mr. Edison it is Germany and Japan who have perfected it. What is to prevent France or Spain or Holland getting possession of some still more deadly secret which would enable them to hold up the world?

This is not an insecurity that affects one country alone; it affects all countries, it is a common menace to civilisation; and the answer to it is, not the old answer of the war-mongers—more ships, more guns, more men, more this, that and the other. We might as well build more ships to fight a plague. Nor is it any good supposing that we can suppress science, for it cannot be suppressed. Nor is it any good supposing that we can effectively forbid the production of deadly weapons or deadly poisons.

THE remedy cuts much deeper than this. Mr. Edison sees what it is. With the enormous development of the power of the scientists over the forces of Nature, civilisation can no longer exist in a world based on a war footing. In a word, if we cannot abolish war, science will abolish civilised society. That is Mr. Edison's ultimatum. I wonder whether the statesmen will hear it in time?

ERE WINTER COMES

by the

RIGHT HON. THOS. WILES, P.C.

THE fundamental problem in Great Britain to-day is that presented by a million and a half of our workers out of work. We must all recognise that something practical must be done before the winter comes.

What is the Government for if not to solve problems? For ourselves we have given the man we know a humble half-crown or a less humble fiver. We feel a glow of self-righteousness in consequence.

That attitude of mind is necessary if we are to preserve any appearance of sanity. Unemployment runs into figures at which the imagination boggles. To multiply the individual distress we know of by a million and a half is to court the lunatic asylum.

At times, however, we must risk even that fate if we are not to be stamped as heartless, callous, dishonest and immoral.

In the year of grace 1922, we have not the driving force necessary to organise relief for our people so that none shall starve and none shall draw money to which they are not entitled. Instead, we prefer to pay the wasteful and uneconomic "dole" as a sop to our consciences.

Let us pull ourselves together and ask if we must write the unemployment problem off as insoluble.

I make these four propositions which, if admitted, would go far to giving us a concrete plan to work on for relieving the distress caused by unemployment, and preserving the moral of the people against a time when palliatives shall no longer be required:—

(1) No man or woman shall starve if he or she is willing and able to work.

(2) No man or woman able to work, who refuses any reasonable offer of work, shall receive a "dole" or any other money payment.

(3) Any man or woman seeking work shall enrol himself or herself at once. Work shall be provided by the State through the municipal or local county association, in his or her own locality if possible; if not, in other districts as and where it can be arranged.

(4) Wages shall be paid on a subsistence level, and as far as possible in kind in the form of rations.

I need not anticipate objections. Their name will be legion. Official labour will object. The Government will object. The unemployed will object. But all their objections fall before the one great advantage, that the nation, if it adopts these proposals, will be doing something practical to end the present intolerable state of affairs. The dole will vanish. Private charity will be unnecessary.

The number of the unemployed is at present decreasing. Why not utilise the services of those that remain unemployed on needs that are vital, and must sooner or later be met? Why not shed our unwonted inertia and face the facts?

AN INSULT TO THE DEAD

Pensions Ministry Slight to a British Soldier

IF there is anyone at the Ministry of Pensions with even average qualities of head and heart, we urge him to look at once into the case of the late E. G. Barnes, formerly of the Royal Sussex Regiment.

Barnes, a young man in the thirties, the son of a butcher in Shoreham, Kent, served in many battles with his regiment, the Royal Sussex. After a long and honourable record in France he was demobilised with a small pension on account of his wounds.

Made of the right stuff, young Barnes refused to live on his parents, and, despite his handicaps, set bravely and resolutely to work, and in the course of time built up a meat round, and purchased a horse and cart for his business.

One day his horse bolted, and poor Barnes, handicapped by his wounds, was unable to hold the animal in check. At the bottom of a hill the cart overturned, pinning the poor fellow underneath, and crushing him to death.

The first man to rush to extricate him was a former captain of his regiment, and it was in his arms, the arms of an old comrade of the battlefield, that ex-Private Barnes breathed his last.

No word of regret or sympathy came from the Ministry of Pensions to the parents. Instead came a series of curt official letters, each re-opening the wound and renewing the sorrow.

To each of the queries the bereaved father duly replied, a last sorrowful duty to their dead son. Then came an official demand for the receipt for the funeral expenses.

It was sent. The parents who had spent twelve pounds on the funeral of their soldier boy sent on the receipted bill.

Two months later the Ministry of Pensions returned to these sorrowing parents the receipted bill together with a postal draft, and a letter, signed by the Controller explaining that this was the official allowance for the dead soldier's funeral. The postal draft was for eight shillings! Surely this is more than ineptitude—it is cowardly indifference and incompetence. Eight shillings for a brave soldier's funeral, less perhaps than the cost of the Controller's lunch.

The draft has not been cashed. It will never be cashed. These poor people, bowed in grief and suffering, spurn the insult that the Ministry has thus tendered to the memory of their beloved boy.

Is there any sense of shame in Whitehall? Is there any power of apology? Is it left to the country to apologise for the blunders of officialdom?

THE SHAME OF THE SHAMBLE

Horrors of English Butchery

ONE of the strongest arguments for vegetarianism is the cruelty which attends the slaughter of animals for food.

Yet this need not be. For years humane methods of killing cattle have been available; and it is a disgrace to the country that Government after Government have omitted to insist upon their adoption.

As far back as 1871, Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, the inventor of the lethal chamber for dogs, said: "It has been a desire of mine for many years past to perfect a method by which animals intended for human consumption may be subjected by man, whose wants they serve, to the necessary penalty of death unconscious of the pain of death."

To their honour be it said that many butchers and abattoir managers make it a point to inflict a minimum of suffering on the animals it is their business to despatch. The Admiralty slaughter-houses provide a noteworthy example in this respect. There, rigid rules are enforced to spare animals unnecessary pain and terror before death. But in hundreds of private slaughter-houses throughout the kingdom, scenes are enacted daily, the horror of which are almost past belief.

This is a disgrace to a country which prides itself on its kindly treatment of animals, and points a finger of reproach at other races for their presumed disregard for the dictates of humanity. As a matter of fact, excepting only Turkey, England has the worst slaughter house system in Europe.

In some cases animals destined for slaughter are penned in lairs or stalls abutting on their place of execution in full view of other victims' fear and agony as they are dragged by the horns to the ring. In such circumstances the terror of the beasts awaiting their turn is increased a hundred-fold; and, apart from the appalling, needless cruelty, it has a poisonous effect on their flesh.

Who can restrain a shudder when told that butchers are allowed to slaughter a sheep by gouging a hole through its neck, usually at the base of the ears, without first rendering it unconscious?

Why, again, should the pig be subjected to such needless torture as is usually its lot? One of the horrors of country life for the sensitive is the shrieking of the cottager's pig when expelling its life-blood in terror and agony—a victim of the frequently inexpert knife of the rustic slaughterer.

The helpless animals that serve humanity so well deserve better treatment. Humane killers exist. Government should insist upon their use without exception.

MOTHER-LOVE

A Story of Sacrifice

CAN fiction show a finer example of mother-love than this? We doubt it.

Read, then, ye women who bear children and beat them, starve them, turn them into the streets to beg, abandon them to the tender mercies of passers-by and the Poor Law, this simple story of a mother's sacrifice!

A woman and her baby girl are waiting for a train on the Glasgow underground railway. They are the only passengers on the platform. While the mother's back is turned the little mite strays on to the line.

A piercing scream rends the air, and the station attendant turns to find the woman and child on the rails. A train is rushing towards them, and he dashes to the rescue, only to be flung aside, stunned.

The first carriage passes over them before the driver can pull up. For an hour a breakdown gang work with feverish energy to raise the coach which is slowly crushing the life out of the mother's body.

She remains conscious, but her cries gradually grow feebler, and when at last the ponderous weight is lifted, all that is left is her crushed and mangled corpse.

No, not all. Beneath her body, where the devoted mother had shielded it throughout her long-drawn agony, they find the baby, unharmed.

What a lesson in mother-love!

FILMS AND FLAPDOODLE

Revival of a Worn-out Ramp

SELDOM have we seen the legendary food for fools so lavishly ladled out as in a full-page advertisement which recently appeared in a contemporary, supported by several editorial paragraphs, setting forth a scheme of the "Interstate Film Organisation," of Premier House, Southampton Row, London, W.C., for founding a "United Services Film Colony."

Starting off by stating that it must be recognised how deeply ex-Service men need help and guidance during these years of reconstruction, the announcement proceeds:—

"It is proposed to form a film-producing colony for the purpose of producing and distributing British industrial films throughout all the countries of the world, written and produced by ex-Service men under efficient guidance and practical counsel, and with the co-operation of live British manufacturers and exporters.

"The organisation is, of course, a plan for helping and encouraging a certain class of the demobilised, discharged, and (where possible) crippled ex-Service men, and would embrace many occupations in its construction and in its life."

Then we read that in the making of the films, actors, photographers, developers, printers, scene-shifters, writers, and producers will be employed; a complete staff of shorthand typists, clerks and bookkeepers will be engaged for the tremendous amount of clerical work entailed; and carpenters, painters, scene-painters, etc.

And for those who are crippled and maimed and suffering in health there is to be arable and pasture ground giving employment to farmers, gardeners, and fruiterers, while the wives of many of them will find occupation as cooks, matrons and assistants.

As this wonderful Utopian scheme seemed strangely reminiscent to us, we made a few enquiries, and discovered exactly what we expected.

The "Interstate Film Organisation" was registered under the Business Names Act as far back as September, 1921, but has recently been incorporated as a private company under the style of the Interstate Advertising Organisation, Ltd., with a nominal capital of £2,000 in £1 shares. The present directors are Cyril Hanna Hicks and Anthony Edwin Riley Bashame.

Of the former we know little either to his credit or discredit. Of the latter we know enough to feel anything but confidence in his high-falutin proposition.

Suffice it to say that Bashame was connected with the well-known Baroness de T'Serclaes, whose similar scheme for founding an ex-Service men's film colony we exposed three years ago.

PENALISED POOR

Norwich Dole Abuses

THE dole is an institution that has been much criticised. In times of trade depression, the aftermath of the Great War, it was a necessary evil. It opened the door to many abuses, resented by no one more than by the honest working man.

But at best it was the expression of the country's willingness to help to tide over the unemployment crisis, and ought to be fairly and intelligently administered.

What is there either fair or intelligent about the distribution of the dole in Norwich? Two men, formerly employed by the Forehoe Council in their stone pits, became unemployed. One is single; the other married. The single man got his unemployment benefit without trouble. The married man had to walk to Wymondham six times—a distance of sixty miles—and then he got—five shillings!

Sixty miles for five shillings. Sixty miles of laborious tramping, to bring back five shillings for a hungry family. If you think of this poor man's feelings, or of another's, who tramped fifty miles and brought back half a crown, you will not be so tempted to join the denouncers of the dole.

But you will ask what sort of Labour Bureau do they run at Wymondham, where they penalise the poor in the cold name of legal charity?

Printers' Pie . . .

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"TIMES":—"It was reported that the rebels had hoisted WHITE NAGS, but these, it afterwards appeared, were RED CROSS NAGS."

"DAILY SKETCH" (serial story):—"They dined out of doors, the table being set in a square walled-in courtyard, set round with dozens of tubs containing ORANGE TREES OF WONDERFUL DWARF ROSE BUSHES."

"CHORLEY WEEKLY NEWS" (advertisement):—"All Varieties of Canned Fruits, from 9d. to 2s. 8d. PER TON.

"GIRLS' CINEMA":—"He got to his feet as they entered, and lifted his FEET as if to strike the girl."

"WORCESTERSHIRE ADVERTISER":—"On reaching the camp the CHILDREN PARTOOK OF THEIR TEACHERS, PARENTS AND FRIENDS."

"JOURNAL OF COMMERCE":—"The airships will have a capacity of 5,000,000 MILES PER HOUR."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"We've bought this country fairly cheap, or what we've got of it, which is roughly TWO-THIRDS. Take it easy and we'll get the OTHER TWO-THIRDS even cheaper."

"WISBECH STANDARD" (advertisement):—"Lost . . . BLACK GIRLS' Mackintosh."

"BOYS' MAGAZINE":—"His elder brother stood with HIS HANDS IN HIS PACE, down in the hall, unable to look on."

Impertinent Interviews

by HARRISON OWEN

"THE answer is in the affirmative, sir," declared Mr. Lloyd George, replying to a question put by the Impertinent Interviewer. "For once the Press has neglected to misrepresent my intentions; I am, as stated, going to spend a holiday in sunny Spain."

"Do you want to find out if Madrid is sufficiently attractive to make it a suitable venue for a Premiers' Conference?"

"That, sir, is a supplementary question which, at this stage, I cannot undertake to answer."

"Right-oh, I'll give notice of it. Meanwhile, I was wondering if you would give me your views on——?"

"Of course I will, and with the utmost frankness."

"What I was going to say, was—"

"Precisely! And I agree with you absolutely! The dawn is indeed at hand; the shadows are lifting, like the Welsh mountain mists when the sun appears above some distant hill."

The Premier paused, as if expecting a round of applause.

"Leaving the future and the jolly old Welsh hills on one side," began Bertie; "I wanted to know if——?"

"I see; you are more interested in the immediate past. Well, the session which has just ended was one of glorious achievement. The Ship of State emerged from the Valley of Despair and, with its wheels running smoothly, climbed the rugged mountain side which leads to the Harbour of Achievement. At times waves of doubt broke against its—er—halyards; but the captain was on the bridge, the main deck was roped securely to the mizzen mast, the——"

"Order! Order!" yelled the Interviewer.

The Premier looked a little hurt.

"Hang it all, L. G.," Bertie protested, "you haven't allowed me to get a question in edgeways."

"Sir," said the Premier sternly, "I have treated you with perfect frankness. I have told you in the plainest possible language——"

"My dear old wizard, you have merely indulged in hot air and mixed metaphors. What *is* this wonderful record you talk about? Have you built those homes for heroes?"

"I must ask for notice of the question."

"Have you lifted the Canadian cattle embargo?"

"In the autumn we will probably do so."

"Then there is the Rent Act?"

"Well, I've appointed a Commission which, at no distant time—"

"Let's take the sale of honours, then?"

"There again a Commission, sooner or later—er—possibly later, will——"

"What are you doing about unemployment?"

"Again I can only inform you that the matter is receiving the full attention of the Cabinet. A committee has been appointed and——"

"Hang these commissions and committee's broke in Bertie. "We've heard all about them. A commission was appointed in 1918 to enquire about something which everybody has forgotten. Unemployment is a different matter. People cannot wait. They'll——"

There was a knock at the door and a servant entered. "Miss Megan, sir," he announced, "brought the car round ten minutes ago."

"Tell her I'm coming," cried L. G., "put my golf sticks in the car, and don't forget my guitar and castanets. Sorry I must toddle away, Mr. Bull; but you can give the unemployed my personal assurance that the mists are clearing and the Ship of State is nearing harbour!"

HOW HUMANIST WORKS

AT eight o'clock every morning, in his study near Regent's Park, a man sits at his desk dealing with a most tragic post-bag. Piled on his desk are a heap of letters, each one of which is carefully read and considered. Sometimes the letter is ill-spelt and written on such odd scraps of paper as the writer in his or her poverty can secure. Sometimes the letter bears a crested heading—illiterate or scholarly, each letter receives the same attention.

The man is "Humanist" of JOHN BULL. He is the confessor to whom thousands of aching hearts have flown since his appointment, and from whom they have received comfort and help. A famous writer, one who has touched life in its every aspect, he preserves inviolate the secrets which come to him, and answers every letter which calls for an answer.

A large proportion of his correspondents he cannot help. Men and women who are desperately pressed for money, who are hourly expecting the arrival of brokers; unemployed ex-soldiers whose wives are in childbed; business men on the verge of bankruptcy. The worst cases he sends on to "The Greatest of These" Fund, knowing that help will be given if possible.

But there are other cases where he can assist at once. A girl, betrayed and deserted, in frantic terror of her approaching trial; a cripple taunted to the verge of suicide with his deformity; a girl holding in her heart a dreadful secret that she has not dared tell even her mother, and the weight of which is killing her. These matters are dealt with quickly.

Not all his letters are tragic. Some come from men and women whose reason he has saved. One girl, on the point of ending her life, wrote to him in her agony of despair to tell him of her shame and approaching disgrace. To-day she is a happy woman. It seems incredible that a few written words would bring about so remarkable a transformation, and yet it is true. The mere unburdening of a secret often helps a woman or a man.

"Humanist" is the great friend of the family—the trustworthy adviser and confidant who does not betray, whose advice is disinterested.

Sometimes his task is a delicate one. A convict on licence writes to say that he has not reported to the police for fear of losing his job. What shall he do? If he reports himself he is liable to be sent back to Dartmoor. "Humanist" says "report." The police are not vindictive—they do not hound men from honest work. Tell your employer the truth and then report, and explain why you did not do so before.

A frantic girl writes to say that she is about to become a mother, and a man has introduced her to an abortionist. "Humanist" tells her a few home truths. A wife has discovered her husband's infidelity—shall she leave him? A man has been robbing his employer for years and desires to make restitution without betraying himself. A boy has contracted bad habits; how may he be cured? A girl of eighteen has been persecuted by her stepfather. "Humanist" sometimes feels inclined to fly in despair from the black burden of other people's woes. And every week the post-bag grows bigger. People are telling other people of the help which the JOHN BULL man is rendering; the fame of "Humanist" is spreading. If only the people with little worries, which they could right themselves, would refrain from writing! He cannot find work for the workless, or houses for the homeless. Appeals for money he cannot satisfy.

"'Humanist' has taken upon himself the greatest work that ever newspaper man attempted," writes a distinguished correspondent.

"Wherever I go I hear of this new feature in JOHN BULL and the magnificent help he is giving. I verily believe that 'Humanist' will reduce the number of suicides in this country by fifty per cent."

"Humanist" is working for you and for humanity.

"The Greatest of These——"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 98, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"His Mother," £2; "Bullets 483," £1; H. G. (Torquay), 2s. 6d.; J. B. (Walthamstow), 10s.; Mrs. H. C. (Winslow), parcel; "Nottingham Admirer," 2s. 6d.; L. P. (Bedminster), 5s.; Mrs. D. G. D., 2s.; R. F. M. (New York), 1 dollar; "Gratias Deo," 5s.; "Monsters" (Bristol), 1s. 6d.; M. T. (Ripon), 2s. 6d.; T. M. (Wadebridge), 1s. 6d.; J. B. (Accrington), £1; W. O., 1s.; J. J. M. (Dorset), parcel; per "Humanist," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. S. E. M. (Doncaster), parcel; T. W. F., 3s.; A. B. (Worsley), 2s. 6d.; J. W. H. (Lincoln), 6d.; J. D., 6d.; A. M. D. (Malden), 2s.; J. J. J. (Clapham Common), parcel; F. C., 1s. 6d.; J. F., 3s.; J. W., 6d.; "Thankful," 1s. 6d.; E. R. (Southend), 5s.; J. McC. (S. Africa), 5s.; G. D. (Liverpool), 1s.; "A Friend," 1s.; Anon. (Edinburgh), parcel.

YOUR holidays are nearly over. You've had a good time. Or may be you are just going away to enjoy yourself. We don't blame you. But we should just like to remind you that there are hundreds of little boys and girls—the sons and daughters of heroes who fought to make life worth living—who would be glad of a meal, a pair of boots, or some clothing. They come to us each day with their bitter tales of woe, and we want to help them. A little sacrifice on your part would bring the sunshine to a starving soul.

Treating H.M. Unfairly

I WISH the handicappers would remember that, in their anxiety to escape the suggestion that they are favouring the King's horses—nobody *would* ever suggest such a thing, of course—they are going to the other extreme. All the Egerton House horses are ridden out to the last ounce. The wearer of the royal livery is never supposed to drop his hands. The consequence is that the King's runners are generally running through a lot of horses that are pulling up to finish fourth or close up fifth.

THE handicappers treat the King's horses as though every animal in the race was ridden out to the bitter end, with the result that they note (say) Joss House as fourth and set him to give weight to a horse that was fifth *and could have been second*! This isn't fair. I've seen it happen again and again. Watch Weathervane's handicapping on his Stewards Cup fourth. I can give you the names of five horses that ought to have been fourth, but on whom their jockeys dropped their hands when they saw they were beaten.

Royal Patience.

The King races generously with horses that are not first-class but are invariably treated as though they were. The King is an excellently patient sportsman, and he would certainly never complain. We, who see as much of the racing as the handicapper, know that due allowance is not made for the "pulling up" horses that the King's candidates beat.

Racing on the Tape.

Racing at Alexandra Park is rather like betting on the tape. Buzz! They're off . . . (A minute's interval whilst they are out of sight) Buzz! Something has won! Most of the racing is quite out of sight of the press stand.

What is Class?

A correspondent asks me to define class, and if you will forgive the high-brow language I will do so in these terms. "*Class*" *is that imponderable quantity in a racehorse which is not exactly reducible to terms of weight.*

In other words, if two horses strictly handicapped on their performances, the one a 'class' horse and the other not a class horse, were raced together, the class horse would just pull out the necessary handful to win. *You can never fairly handicap a class horse so that he will run a dead heat with one who isn't class.*

ADMIRAL ROUS, who did a great deal of good for the turf and talked a great deal of nonsense about it, said that he could bring a horse and a donkey together by the adjustment of weight. It was one of those dithering pieces of imagination in which he indulged at times, and of course means nothing, for the weight which would bring them together would break a thoroughbred's back.

Wireless Courses.

It is little short of disgraceful that Mr. Kellaway should allow his Non-conformist dislike for horse-racing to influence his treatment of the great racing industry. Four years have passed since peace came, and still only a few of the racecourses are in telegraphic communication. Where offices are open they are grossly understaffed. An authority with whom I discussed this matter estimated the loss of revenue from the Post Office attitude to racing at £200,000 per annum!

Disgraceful.

I have seen a queue of 200 people waiting at Lingfield whilst one clerk struggled vainly to deal with the business. If some of the sporting newspapers had an ounce of initiative and a speck of genius in their editorial direction, this state of affairs would have been brought to an end years ago. It is the business of Kellaway (who got his job for his persistent attacks upon Northcliffe) to drop his fanatical attitude and send adequate staffs to deal with racing.

THE Postmaster General is simply throwing away money that is badly needed when he neglects this prolific source of revenue. The telegraphic arrangements at the various racecourses are a scandal.

Evander.

Lord Lonsdale was not wearing his famous white trousers at Goodwood, but he was one of the stewards who adjudicated upon the Evander objection. If Beary was guilty of foul riding he should have been stood down or sent back to Ireland—he isn't such a magnificent embellishment to the turf that he cannot be spared at any price. If he didn't ride foul—and the Stewards took that point of view—why disqualify Evander?

And Mr. Beary.

Lynch said that Beary struck his horse (Bouleverse) twice with his whip, and Lynch is not the person to invent a story of that sort. The stewards found that Beary's horse "did not keep a straight course." But what sort of a course did Beary's whip keep? That seems to have been the only question at issue. At any rate, it seems perfectly clear that Beary's riding lost the place bets of the public, and incidentally of the stable, if they betted.

Keep off Captain Cuttle!

Despite all indignant and scornful protests that Captain Cuttle is as well as he ever was, I strongly advise those people who are thinking of taking a price about him for the St. Leger to hold their hands. Remember that they will back Tamar on the day of the race, and you're as likely to get as good a price about the whisky gentleman's horse then as you are now. If he runs he will probably win, but. . . .

A Good Horseman.

Talking of jockeys, I saw Gray give an extraordinarily good exhibition of horsemanship at Alexandra Park. He was riding a mad beast in Dervish, who for this occasion was both a dancing dervish and a savage boy-eater, for he made a sporting attempt to eat the kid who was riding Mambrino. Only Gray saved the youth from supplementing Felix Leach's generous oat-supply, and the way he kept his seat on the rearing, fighting, bucking and kicking Dervish was worth going a long way to see.

Training "Reports."

Is there anything funnier in the world than the weekly training reports one reads?

"So and so will run forward, such a one will be thereabouts. Hokum will take all the beating that the best can give him, etc., etc."

Horses do not, as a rule, run backward, and if they run at all they are generally "thereabouts," whilst most horses take the beating that better horses give them.

Book-Lore Fiasco.

I was told at Goodwood that Book-Lore wasn't worth a row of peas for his race at A.P., and that Donoghue had told all his friends to back Blarney Stone. At Alexandra Park I heard that Donoghue was riding Book-Lore and had told all his friends to back *that*! How these rumours get around.

Luck!

Now I *know* my luck is in: last Tuesday week a friend asked me to put him four pounds on Prince Herod. I wrote down the bet and my secretary telephoned it through. I afterwards discovered that absent-mindedly I had written down "Herod Philip"! If Prince Herod had won it would have cost me money—as it was I make £22 on the transaction.

Systems.

I have scores of letters from readers dealing with systems to which I cannot find space to reply. I have also, this week, an enquiry as to "unofficial handicaps." The best I know are quaintly but properly called the "Dare Calculations," which I have been watching for many years. I do not know Mr. Dare and I have no connection with him whatever, but his "Calculations" are the very best that have come under my notice.

Good-bye Polemarch.

Polemarch (by some pronounced Poly-mark) is going abroad. Loud cheers! He has turned a dog at the gate, and though one of the best judges who has ridden him ventured the opinion that he was the best horse in England if he would only put it all in, the fact remains that he didn't. Come but not forgiven.

PECULIAR CONVERSATIONS—I.

"They had to bring X. from Ireland to pull the horse. As a rule Z. rides their horses, but X, has shopped them twice and won when the stable money wasn't down. *His* money was down, though. He had £200 on at S.P. Z. is 'out on the get.' He has made a lot of money but he's been broke, and

SPORTS and THE WEEK'S

IN CONJUNCTION WITH "The SPORTING LIFE"

[The horses in parentheses after the black let.er selection are, in their order, alternative tips if the principal selection is absent.]

KEMPTON PARK (WEDNESDAY).—FELTHAM SELLING: **Soldier Song** (Chaparal, Dutchman). VAUXHALL SELLING: **Woodlark** (Breslane, Tobermory). GREENWOOD HANDICAP: **Desire**** (Tic-spear, Highlander). INTERNATIONAL TWO Y.O. STAKES: **Papyrus** (Shri, Aquaminti). BEDFONT HANDICAP: **Gallio*** (Pictura, Mercia). APPRENTICE STAKES: **Adorna**.

KEMPTON PARK (THURSDAY).—TEDDINGTON SELLING: **Lady Fun** (Dew Ken, Glen Eagle). MORTLAKE PLATE: **Sunshot** (Royletta, Take All). PRINCESS HANDICAP: **Morning Light*** (Grecian Beauty, Cylvidia). ST. JAMES MAIDEN STAKES: **Foxhound** (Dunks Green, Berganotte). MAIDEN TWO Y.O. PLATE: **Scorpio** (Miss Midget, Montcalm). ROUND COURSE HANDICAP: **Flint Jack** (Rackway, Saxham Prince).

REDCAR (WEDNESDAY).—KIRKLEATHAM PLATE: **Danes Voe**. SKELTON HCP.: **Peribius**. WARRENBY PLATE: Lucentio. FOAL STAKES: **Lowood**. COATHAM HCP.: **White Bud***. UPLEATHAM WELTER: **Sophos***. LOWTHER PLATE: **The Downs**.

REDCAR (THURSDAY).—SAND HILLS

Testimonials.

How many Sporting Advertisers and System Owners can say they hold Testimonials from Sportsmen, and back that statement up with a £1,000 challenge to produce the ORIGINALS for inspection? I claim to be able to do this. Write me and I will send you a small selection of them. Have you seen my Book?

THE OPEN ROAD

A REMARKABLE BOOK ON SYSTEMS.

Written by a Retired Signalman.

This handsomely illustrated book will show you how you may avoid Turf losses. It will prove to you the advantage of Systematic Investments. How the writer in the long night hours in the Signal Box discovered a System which has won him a fortune. It will not only show you how the fortune has been made, but will show you how you may do the same. No need for delay. The book is free for stamped address. Write now to

TOM LEESON,
Hall Road Avenue,
Handsworth——Staffs.

THE ACID TEST.
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MEN OF THE WORLD WHO CAN DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN A CATCH FOR THE UNSOPHISTICATED AND THE GENUINE GOODS WRITE FOR
THE ANALYSIS OF EVERY SYSTEM ADVERTISED FOR THE LAST 30 YEARS INCLUDING FREE COPY OF NUMERICAL SYSTEM, INDICATING 350 WINNERS IN 395 RACES, TO:—
F. W. EDGE, 85, Gerard Street, Derby.

FREE **BANCROFT'S FREE NAP.**

All my overnight letter Clients received STATUARY—WON 100 to 8 for the CHESTERFIELD CUP. You can have similar information (if you have not previously applied for one of my FREE DOUBLE NAPS) by simply sending a three-halfpenny stamp (NOT ENVELOPE) for the name of a horse that will shortly be slipped by a cute division. This is almost a racing certainty, and should not be missed by the alert sportsman. Send a stamp only for full particulars and a handsome copy of "THROUGH POWERFUL BINOCULARS."
Address:—
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17, Bath Terrace, NEWMARKET.

FREE. **THE TIC-TAC**
The Private Paper for Winners.
The Tic-Tac is subscribed to by the most astute racing men of the country. During the past six weeks over 30 WINNERS have been given under "Coming Winners," exclusive "Live Wire" Training Reports —INFORMATION not guesswork. Issued at 1s. weekly. Tuesday's issue will contain
THREE BIG JOBS
Send stamped address for Free Copy to test the wonderful value of this amazing publication.
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EDITOR (Box 1),
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SPORTSMEN

By ROWLEY MILE

now he's trying to pile up the stuff against the day he gets warned off—which can't be far away."

The Number System.

Somebody wants to know all about the Bruce Lowe system. It is a system by which the descendants of certain mares whose progeny won the classic races are grouped in order. No. 12 family, about which he asks, descended from the Montague mare, and amongst her stock was Eclipse, Sterling, Prince Charlie and Great Scot.

HORSES THAT MAY.

FIREFIEND is just coming to herself and is certain to win a very nice sprint soon. This was one I sent out as a free tip, and those who follow will be rewarded.

BOULEVERSE is a very well-bred animal by The Tetrarch—Bill and Coo. This fellow is a certain winner, though you may have to wait for a while.

SARGON, as I have told you before, will win a nice sprint. He is just coming to himself, and was second best to Barney Stone.

THE BACK END HANDICAPS.

The majority of horses entered for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire haven't a ghost of a chance of getting in the first nine. I give the likely horses, and you can leave the rest out.

CESAREWITCH: **Tishy, Juniso, Jilted, Glorioso, Double Hackle, Nippon, Copyright. Devizes, Happy Man, Yutoi, Chivalrous, Flamboyant, Flint Jack.**

CAMBRIDGESHIRE: **Roman Bachelor, St. Louis, Roman Fiddle, Evander, Radiant River, Torelore, Blue Lady, Sicyon, Stratford, Monarch, Granely, Silver Image, Eaglehawk, Leighton, Isle of Wight.**

Bookie and Tipster Too.

HOW many advertising tipsters are running a book as a side line? A reader who has subscribed to one of the most expensive of tipsters, tells me that from time to time he receives mysterious communications from a certain bookmaker, and wonders how the bookmaker got hold of his name. The truth is, of course, that the tipster exploits his clients from another address. What he doesn't win on the swings, he makes up on the roundabouts, and if he has a bad week as a tipster, then he is having a good week as a bookmaker. It is an ingenious scheme, but hardly fair to the general public.

SIR ABE.

Sir Abe Bailey has by no means abandoned the British turf, and I hear from a very good authority that his intention is to race on his usual generous scale next year. It would be a thousand pities if it were otherwise, for he is a man who races for the love of the game and there are not too many of that kind of sportsman. I wonder if he remembers old Chesney?

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Follow Sargon till you get your money back.

* * *

Zephyr will win more races in moderate company.

* * *

Always back the King's horses each way—they are invariably ridden out for a place.

* * *

Watch Pretty Peggy. She is one that will win a nursery.

* * *

What a wonderful twopennorth JOHN BULL would be, if I could publish weekly a list of horses that haven't been trying!

* * *

Petty Cury may have won before this appears in print. If not—follow.

* * *

I am looking for a few good correspondents at training quarters.

* * *

It is a million pounds to a penny that Morning Light will win again.

* * *

Horses that are *certain* to win before the season is over: Isle of Wight, Sewing Machine, North Waltham, White Bud, Gallio, Pretty Peggy, Killeen.

* * *

Spike Island is in the hands of the vet.—Mr. Coleman of Epsom.

* * *

If I send out a loser on a free tip wire wire, follow it and get your money back. Note the forward running of Sargon and Firefiend

* * *

I invariably aim at a 7 to 1 chance in my free messages.

* * *

Jacquemi.ot is going to win more races at a mile.

* * *

The wise man avoids betting on races or taking very much notice of the form at Brighton Epsom, and Chester.

* * *

It is a loss to racing that Blackwell hasn't more horses.

* * *

Never mind what superior people say; timing is a great help in judging form.

* * *

Retaliate will win a nursery.

* * *

In answer to an enquirer: K. Cannon rode St. Amant in the Derby.

* * *

The stiffest course in England is the Newbury Mile.

* * *

There's a lot to be said for the "fourth last time out" system—if the fourth was close up to the winner.

* * *

Since the bookmakers bet on running, why back bad horses at the gate until they start?

ANSWERS.

A number of readers have been welshed by a bookmaker operating from an address in Regent Street. I am going into this question with the Turf Guardian Society.

In answer to several readers who have sent me certain tipsters' and system-mongers' circulars, I reply to each and every one of them: don't spend a penny on these services until I have investigated their bona fides.

SELECTIONS.

H'CAP.: **Stichill.** BEAUMONT PLATE: **Skerryvore.** REDCAR HANDICAP: **Will Somers*** (Irish Belfry, Cisterician). NATIONAL BREEDERS STAKES: **Re-Echo*.** WILTON STAKES: **Scorpio** (Scaldino). ZETLAND PLATE: **Darjeeling.**

ROYAL WINDSOR (FRIDAY).—FLYING HANDICAP: **Furry Dance** (Piraeus, Vulpes). FOREST SELLING: **Pinemarten** (Pere la Grise, Piccolisko). CASTLE HANDICAP: **Lakers** (Desire, Manton). ROMNEY PLATE: **Zephyr** (Petty Cury, Lady Shimmer). CLEWER PLATE: **La Lumiere** (Silver Grass, Volume). BLACKBROOK PLATE: **Wandoo.**

ROYAL WINDSOR (SATURDAY).—CLUB PLATE: **Scorpio** (Grace, Krake). SLOUGH PLATE: **Pinemarten** (Alector, Goldscope). THREE Y.O. HANDICAP: **White Satin** (Dry Toast, Alaric). MANOR PLATE: **Zoolphokar** (Sunshot, Royal Enclosure). MEADOW PLATE: **Warrington** (Irish Eagle, Dark Emerald). ROTHSCHILD SWEEPSTAKES: **Brinklow.**

AYR (FRIDAY).—TRIAL SELLING: **Galloping Clay.** MONTGOMERIE HANDICAP: **Purple Heron.** MONTROSE HANDICAP: **Forerunner.** **AYR (SATURDAY).**—STEWARDS' H'CAP.: **Under the Rose.** EGLINTON HANDICAP: **Hong Kong.** KYLE PLATE: **Wood Harmony.**

Sportingalities

SOME day, all that Ibanez did for the bull-fighter in "Blood and Sand"—the book, not the play—somebody will do for the jockey. We shall have a real and understanding picture of his early struggles, the brutalising effects of voluntary starvation; we shall learn of the human parasites who prey on him and receive perhaps a convincing picture of his inner life when success has come and mysterious thousands appear on the right side of his passbook.

If ever I wrote such a book and I should be compelled to take a type for a hero, I should certainly choose Bert Jones to fill that role.

He stands, not only for the romance, but for the humanity of jockeyship. Herbert Jones has ridden for two kings and has won three Derbies. He has been attached to one stable for thirty years and has been riding in public for more than twenty. And he is still riding winners. There is no "safer" jockey in the saddle for the betting owner—as a rider of "difficult" horses he has no peer.

But I like Bert best for his unfailing humour. He is a man who is absolutely unspoilt by the success that has come his way. It takes a great deal to amuse a writer of humorous stories, but I have laughed until I was helpless at the stories of his army experience. He was one of the Zepp fighters, and the tale of Bert's introduction to the anti-aircraft gun can only be told by himself in his own inimitable language.

There is no more generous soul than his, and his views of race riding are worth hearing. Danny Maher is the greatest rider he has ever known—of Danny he speaks with genuine affection.

It is difficult to realise that Bert was riding winners before Tod Sloan began his meteoric career on the English turf; that he saw the coming and the going of the Reiffs, and had two Derbies to his credit before a diminutive Master Frank Wootton came in knickerbockers and Eton collar to ride his father's horses.

At the age of 41 he is still a master horseman and can hold his own with the youngest and the strongest. A good fellow and a lovable fellow, may he carry the royal livery for many years—there is no cleaner, straighter man riding to-day, and no man more worthy to ride the horses of the First Sportsman of the Land. E. W.

THE ONLY SYSTEM OF PICKING WINNERS

is the most original simplest, and successful method of selecting your own winners ever invented. ALL that is necessary is your daily paper, and by glancing down this

THE WINNERS STAND OUT CLEARLY.

No calculations or books of form are necessary. The winners can be picked by ANYONE in a FEW SECONDS ONLY, without even putting pen to paper.

Another great advantage that the "ONLY" System possesses is the fact that it indicates

AN OCCASIONAL NAP.

These average about two or three weekly, are as near CERTAINTIES as possible, and are returned at splendid prices.

If you prefer to confine your investments to

TWO OR THREE HORSES A WEEK,

then you cannot do better than stick to the two or three System naps.

NO CAPITAL.

is necessary. You can start in shillings if you like, and the System winners pile up the winnings so quickly that you will soon be able to increase your stakes TEN TIMES.

Let me give you just a FEW of the "ONLY" System's many recent successes. These will show you the kind of winners you will be able to pick out for yourself without the slightest difficulty once you use the "ONLY" System:—

LEXGLEN	20-1	RAGERFORD	10-1
REVIVAL	20-1	ROMAN FIDDLE (nap)	7-1
SQUARE SECTION	100-7	BE HOPEFUL (nap)	7-1
TOMAHAWK	8-1	FRED POWER	100-9
BACHELOR'S LADY (nap)	100-6	DONNA INEZ	6-1
AMANTEEL	10-1	DAISY ASHFORD	10-1
GOLDEN IDOL (nap)	8-1	FORDINGBRIDGE won	10-1
FILLORY	10-1	JEDDART (nap)	8-1
MERRY CHILD	100-8	LA LUMIERE (nap)	8-8
FODDER	10-1	KATIE	7-1

If you would like to be able to pick out winners like these for yourself, write for further particulars, together with LAST YEAR'S RESULTS, for which there is

NOTHING TO PAY

beyond a Stamp, not envelope.

PRESS OPINIONS.

"THE JOCKEY."
" . . . The claims of the 'ONLY' System are FULLY BORNE OUT by the number of long-priced winners it has indicated this season. The system is not complicated like so many others, but is SIMPLICITY ITSELF."
"THE LEEDS MERCURY."
" . . . RESULTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES. The system is undoubtedly a GOOD WINNER FINDER . . . a backer CANNOT get far wrong."
"THE DIAMOND RACING JOURNAL."
" . . . On perusal, we are struck with the novelty and SOUND COMMON SENSE displayed in the idea, and it has undoubtedly found many long-priced winners."
"THE LEEDS MERCURY."
" . . . the system is ALL the author CLAIMS it to be."
"One of the system's chief merits is its simplicity, and for those people who are content with an occasional bet, the system will be found very useful and safe."
"SUNDAY SPORTSMAN."
" . . . The 'ONLY' System shows how to find the REAL form horse, which frequently starts at an outside quotation."

The price is ridiculously small, and for the benefit of small punters the method can be almost entirely

PURCHASED OUT OF WINNINGS.

Once you are armed with the "ONLY" System, you can dispense with all sources of information or tips, and assure yourself

A PERMANENT INCOME.

Do not miss anything; start in time for LEICESTER and HURST PARK, when I am confident that the "ONLY" System will be well on the mark with a batch of LONG-PRICED WINNERS.

A.G.S. (Dept. C), 16 PORTOBELLO RD., LONDON, W.11

on holidays and also covers your luggage.

TOMMY AND JACK

A PAGE FOR EX-SERVICE MEN OF ALL RANKS

Conducted by

Field-Marshal EARL HAIG, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E.

(PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION AND REMEMBRANCE LEAGUE)

TO trouble ourselves during a summer holiday about the coming of winter would appear to forebode some evil. It creates a feeling of uncertainty; it suggests a possibility of being taken unawares. To those who are unemployed the idea of the on-coming winter causes a shudder; for them it means a time of acute misery. No money to buy coal for the fire, food for the stomach or clothes for the kiddies.

OUR hope is that all branches will realise this before it is too late, and that those who have not yet set up Employment Sub-committees will do so without delay, and that all such as have them will see that they redouble their endeavours and activities. The assistance of some of the big men in the district who are in a position to help, and who are willing to be co-opted on to the sub-committee should be invoked; a search for work should be vigorously made for all those who cannot find it for themselves.

THE sympathies of the local Press should be enlisted, and everyone in the district should be made to know that the Legion can supply good men for every kind of job. Play the game by the employers and gain their respect by recommending the right men for the vacancies that offer—men whom you know and upon whom you can rely, and who will not let the Legion down!

TAKE up this question of finding employment for your fellow members and work at it as you have never worked at it before, and then when winter comes, as come it will, you will feel that you have done what you could, and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that your efforts have not been entirely in vain, for you will have brought happiness to some hearts, and warmth and comfort to a number of homes.

In Dire Distress:—A Liverpool man who lived with his aged mother won the D.C.M. in the Great War, but this distinction, of course, was of no assistance to him in his struggle to regain his place in this after-the-war world. The investigations made by the Legion showed the case to be genuine. Temporary assistance was given to relieve the acute distress of mother and son, and on the recommendation of the Legion the man obtained a clerical position, which he has satisfactorily filled.

Our Grateful Landlords:—A certain ex-Service man had been unable to pay his rent, owing to long periods of unemployment. He was shown gratitude for his services by his furniture being "thrown out" and entirely destroyed by rain. Homeless and destitute he and his wife tramped the streets, and finally, in desperation, applied for help to the Legion, who provided food and shelter for the unfortunate pair. Best of all, employment was eventually found for the man, who is exceedingly grateful.

A Haven of Rest:—A casual dock labourer with a sick wife and eight children to support applied to the Legion for help after having failed to secure one day's work in five weeks. The home we found to be clean but desperately poor, while there was no food in the house at all, and the entire family were badly in need of nourishment. The immediate necessaries were supplied, and as the result of further negotiations the sick wife and two of the children, who were also ill, were sent, free of all cost, to a cottage in the country—a veritable haven of rest—for a month.

A Fresh Start:—Living over a shop, not far from Liverpool, was an ex-Service man, his wife and two children. The premises caught fire, and all that the man had was destroyed. He was unemployed, homeless, and destitute, and in this state applied to the Legion for aid. Food and shelter were rapidly given the family and a loan of £20 helped the unfortunate man to make a fresh start in the world.

Entirely Self-Supporting:—A badly disabled man unable to find suitable employment was, on the recommendation of the Legion, offered a "kiosk" in which to conduct a business. We did not stop at merely recommending, however, for when we found the man had no funds with which to stock the kiosk, the Unity Relief Fund advanced him £10. The business is now going splendidly, and the man is entirely self-supporting.

More than Mere Money:—That the Legion does not confine itself merely to financial aid is shown by the following typical case which has been assisted recently:—A man whose occupation is that of supplying, fitting and repairing fittings in hotels and clubs needed capital to purchase raw materials. Not only was this provided, but an introduction to the 100 ex-Service clubs in the Metropolitan Area enabled him to obtain many contracts.

Remembering His Comrades:—A tailor, badly disabled in the war, found it difficult to follow his occupation in its entirety. With our aid he is embarking on a "Valet Service" proposition of repairing and pressing clothes. For this work he is employing Government trainees and unskilled ex-Service labour for canvassing, and so helps as he has been helped. Valuable introductions provided by the Legion in this case also have proved of great assistance in making the little business a success.

The Right Man:—In a remote Norfolk village neighbouring farmers have found difficulty in getting their horses efficiently shod. In this village, also, was a demobilised soldier whose experience in the army made him peculiarly fitted to supply the long-felt want. He visited the Legion, stated his case, and obtained a small loan which enabled him to acquire empty business premises in which to carry out the needful work.

Even Unto the Dominions:—The Imperial War Veterans in Canada recently forwarded to the offices of the British Empire Services League in London the case of a widow whose husband died last year, and whose application for pension had been refused on the usual grounds of "death not attributable to service." The British Empire Services League referred the case to the Pensions Department of the Legion, who represented the widow so effectively at the Tribunal that full pension has been allowed.

A Pension for Life:—Yet another instance, pregnant with the far reaching aid of the Legion, comes from "the other side." An ex-Service man went to Canada and died out there. His widow endeavoured to obtain the pension due to her, but the Ministry turned the case down, and everything seemed hopeless, when as a last resource she applied to the Legion in London for help. In her absence we prepared her case for the Tribunal, which allowed her a pension for life of 26s. 8d. per week.

Increased by over 300 per cent.:—A man suffering from shell shock was rated by the Ministry at 30 per cent. disability. Treatment allowances were stopped and the Pensions Doctor said he could not attend to him further, as he needed specialised treatment at a Ministry clinic. Meantime the man had only a pension of 12s. per week. To add to his worries his wife had just deserted him, leaving him with six children to provide for. Within ten days of his application for help we had persuaded the Ministry to place him on full treatment allowance making his total receipts £4 1s. 6d. per week.

A Speedy Settlement:—An ex-Service man from North London, after having been placed under observation in London, was eventually sent to an asylum. Within four days of hearing of his case we had him certified as an ex-Service patient; within three weeks we had helped him to complete his Article 9 forms. He was boarded last week, and his pension allowed within 21 days after his entry into the asylum.

Our Success for a Veteran:—Enlisting at the age of 70 a Hertfordshire man served for more than three years in the Great War, and was eventually discharged on the grounds of old age and rheumatism. The man has since been unable to work owing to lung trouble. His claim for pension was disallowed, the Ministry stating that his illness was not attributable to, and that the rheumatism was no longer aggravated by, his war service. We were able to convince the officials at the Tribunal that tuberculosis was attributable to his war service, and that the aggravation to the rheumatism had not passed away.

Saving a Home:—For a very long time a Staffordshire man had been on the sick list, and when he recovered he could not get work—though later he obtained a job in a factory which was not running full time. He got in arrears with his rent, and the bailiffs were in the house armed with a distress warrant for the furniture. He and his wife were overjoyed when we found the means to pay the bailiffs out and so save the little home.

Our Daily "Thank You":—An East Grinstead ex-Service man writes:—"I write to thank the British Legion for their kindly help in assisting me to secure a pension after rejection on my first medical Board. Without your aid my appeal would not have been successful. May I ask you to thank your representative who spoke on my behalf."

"Black Cat" Chats No. 1.

BETTER VALUE

"Finest Matured Pure Tobacco, Extra Large Cigarettes..... *and USEFUL GIFTS in EXCHANGE for FREE COUPONS.....* I often wonder, myself, how I can do it at 6d for 10!

"Yet the explanation is simple. Long before I introduced my big range of Free Gifts, the popularity of these cigarettes was so great—*on the sheer strength of BETTER VALUE*—that I could not make them quickly enough to cope with the demand, when just at that critical time one of my colleagues came to the rescue with the wonderful Baron British Empire Cigarette Machines, which he invented specially to assist me.

"And *what* a boon these swift and thorough machines have proved! The slight saving they effect in making cost (although not enough to reduce the selling price of my cigarettes) has enabled me to pass on the economy to regular 'Black Cat' smokers in the form of Desirable Gifts obtainable for Free Coupons collected from the packets (1 in the 6d. size, 2 in a 1s. carton, 5 in a 2s. 6d. box, etc.).

"Black Cat" Pure Virginia Cigarettes

"If you have not yet acquired the thrifty 'Black Cat' habit combining Supreme Value in the Cigarettes themselves with the frequent acquisition of Genuinely Free Gifts—

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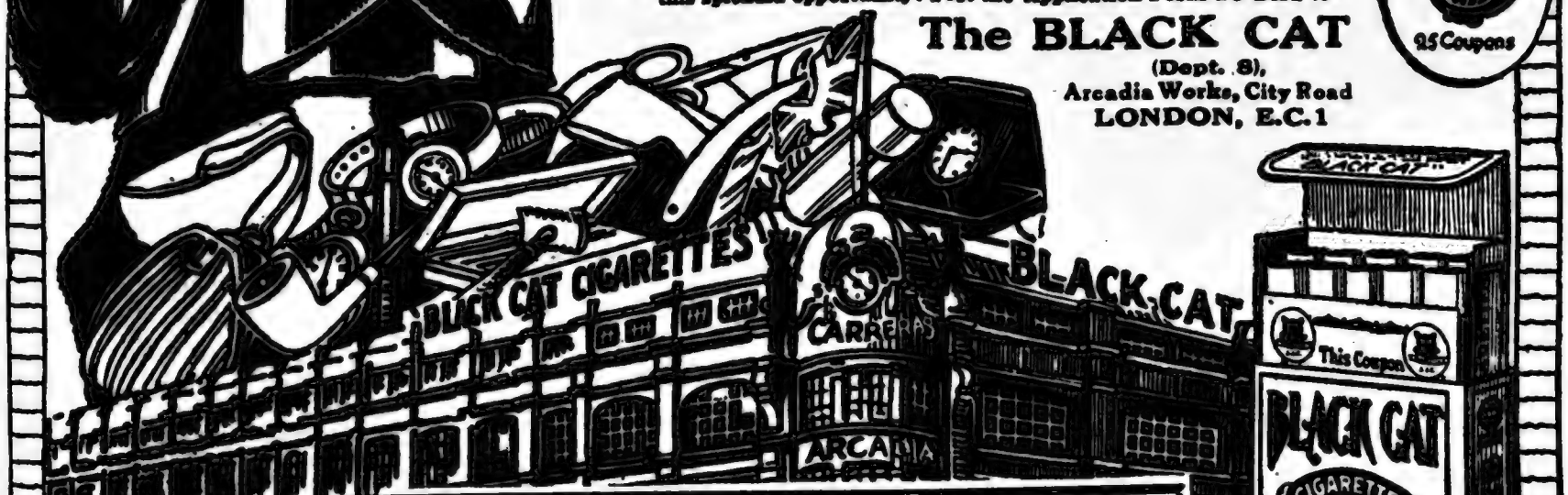

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John Bull, Aug. 12, 1922.

HAD PILES 40 YEARS. NOW PERMANENTLY CURED. NO OPERATION EITHER.

Perth man tells how he cured himself. During the next ten days a supply of Nemolin will be sent post paid and ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST. Simply send a Postcard to address below.

One touch of Nemolin and your pains are over. A day—or possibly two if case is serious—and you never worry about piles any more. Nemolin will cure them *permanently*," writes this former sufferer who *never* expected to be cured. Soothing, healing, antiseptic, odourless, non-astringent, convenient to use, and absolutely non-poisonous, it avoids any detention from business or social activities and renders operations no longer necessary. Based on a radically different principle from any other treatment. Ask your chemist about it, or send a postcard to address below and receive, post paid, in plain sealed wrapping, a large free supply, fully sufficient for a thorough trial, together with certified proofs of effects in thousands of specially difficult cases; also authoritative professional endorsement, which must convince even the most discouraged, hopeless and sceptical. Just send a post card to Research Laboratories (Dept. 107c.), 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 400A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write *TO-DAY* for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 400 **£5 15s CASH**

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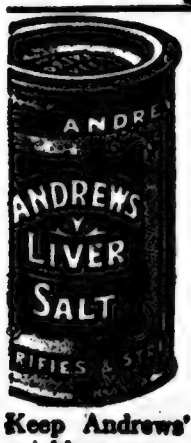

The Secret of good health

(27 B)

Keep Andrews' handy, always. It quickly corrects the minor Ills of Life in Father, Mother *and* the Children A Tin *ought* to be in your Bathroom.

4 OZ. (NET) USUAL SIZE 10d.
8 OZ. (NET) FAMILY SIZE 1/5

Andrews' has a pleasant taste and merry sparkle It refreshes, cheers and brightens by the simple operation of giving Nature help in *the elimination* of those elements which, if retained in the System, impair the general tone and vigour

Get the genuine Andrews' in the familiar Green Tin. Sold by Chemists, Grocers and Stores everywhere

Save your Andrews' Lids

You can now exchange, *free of any charge*, Lids from 12 small or 6 large Tins for the Andrews' *combined* Tooth Brush, Lid-opener, Scoop-measure, and Stirrer, or for the Andrews Nickel plated Pencil Case, complete with re-fills; or for the Andrews' Self-filling Fountain Pen; or for the Andrews' two-bladed Pocket-knife.

Send Lids, with your name and address distinctly written, indicating *which* of the four free Gifts you need, to Scott and Turner, Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

MONEY FOR THE MILLION

by Our Financial Editor

A Chinese Lantern.

Amongst foreign securities which may be considered cheap, I number Chinese Government, 1913, 5 per cent. Loan (French Issue), quoted at about 74. The yield is 6¾ per cent., and the stock is redeemable by drawings at par between 1924 and 1960. It has some of the attractions of a premium bond, while being at the same time well secured as to interest on the surplus revenues of the Salt administration and the Maritime Customs. There is every prospect of a steady advance in price.

An Industrial Gamble.

Many great companies are in the dust just now, but some of them will rise again. To readers with a speculative bent I would commend the claims of Crosse and Blackwell 8 per cent. 2nd Preference shares, now to be had at about 9s. 6d. The dividend is in arrear since July, 1921, but it is cumulative, and that it will be forthcoming eventually I have little doubt.

Another Big Brewery Distribution.

The dividend customarily declared on Guinness Ordinary stock is 18 per cent., free of income-tax, and there is usually a bonus. Last year the bonus was 7 per cent.; this time it is 11 per cent., also free of tax, and I suggest that this distribution drives home the lesson inculcated by the case of Watney, Combe, Reid and Co.

The London County Trust.

The London and County Trust, Ltd., is making an offer of £20,000 8 per cent. notes at par. They state that a syndicate has offered to purchase the lot at par, but have stipulated that existing shareholders shall have the right to apply. I should let the syndicate have them all.

Chartered.

I am taking a merely academic interest in the fluctuations of Chartered just now, and advise my readers to do the same, leaving the company to work out its own salvation, so far as permitted by General Smuts and the other redoubtable factors with which it has to deal. I have known Chartered quoted at £9 apiece. That was a quarter of a century or more ago. To-day the price is round about 15s., and even knowing market operators are debating as to whether they are worth it. There has never yet been a dividend on the shares.

The Exchange Muddle.

It is gratifying to know that the question of reparations and inter-Allied debts is to be tackled at last. The two problems are inseparable, and a settlement should go some way to solve the riddle of the exchanges. That riddle is by no means understood, for I find quite a number of my readers anxious to buy marks, kronen and even roubles at their current depreciated values. Were I inclined to dabble in foreign currencies at all, I should buy francs or lire.

Watney, Combe.

Watney, Combe, Reid & Co. could not earn a dividend on its Deferred Stock before the war, but it can do it now all right, and is paying for the past year no less than 32 per cent., with a promise of a bonus issue of 100 per cent. in scrip, thus more than off-setting a previous reduction of 75 per cent. The breweries and distilleries have done well by being converted into Government tax-collectors. It's an ill war that blows nobody good.

Grand Trunk.

The decision of the Privy Council in the Grand Trunk Railway case is a knock-out blow to the holders of some £37,000,000 of stock in that concern. The first, second and third Preference, and the Ordinary are apparently all wiped out as valueless, and the owners are left to rely upon a possible "compassionate allowance" from the Canadian Government.

Holiday Slackness.

The customary holiday apathy has settled down upon the markets, and if one section assumes an air of briskness to-day, it promptly sheds it to-morrow. The absence of the world and his wife at the seaside is comforting to me in a way, because it reduces the size of my letter bag, and so affords me a chance for relaxation, which is not unwelcome after the strenuousness of the past few months. By September I have no doubt we shall be in full swing again.

August Sunshine?

It is to be hoped so. At any rate there will be sunshine in the homes of those whose names figure in JOHN BULL'S list of "Claims Paid" in the Greatest Free Home Insurance in the World. The total is well over a thousand now. How it does grow week by week!

BREAD AND BUTTER ECONOMICS

by SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY

7.—Third-Class Railway Fares at First-Class Rates

THE Post Office now carries our letters for three halfpence, or fifty per cent. above our pre-war penny post. We know also that we can look forward confidently to the restoration of pre-war postal charges.

The railways, on the other hand, are reducing their charges with reluctance. The cost of third-class railway travelling is still almost on a level with pre-war first-class. For the ordinary third-class, or Parliamentary fare, we have to pay 75 per cent. more than in 1914.

A single third-class ticket to a place only thirty miles out of London costs the exorbitant sum of 4s. 4½d. A poor London citizen who desires to visit a relative at a place as close as Guildford pays 8s. 9d. for a third-class return ticket.

We are reminded of what Mr. Gladstone said long ago about the British Railway Companies:—"Because this country is rich it is no sound reason why it should pay the railway companies more than necessary, or that cheap travelling should not be provided for the public. But there is no likelihood that the great experiment of the greatest possible cheapness to the public will be tried under the present system."

On the same occasion—it was a Railway Debate which took place in 1844—Mr. Gladstone also said: "I would no more trust the railway proprietors on railway matters than I would Gracchus speaking of sedition."

The pre-war Parliamentary third-class fare was a "Parliamentary" rate because it was enacted by Parliament. *It had to be forced upon the railway companies, who were so shortsighted that they declared that it would ruin them.* As a matter of fact, Parliament was so much wiser than the railway directors that the Parliamentary fare proved to be the salvation of the companies. The penny a mile induced millions to travel who never travelled before. Railway revenue grew because Parliament created the cheap fare.

Now we are witnessing a reversion to the suppression of travel. We have to cut down our journeys, and to suppress many a desired visit to friends.

The development of residential localities is frustrated. This is exceedingly important. The housing question is intimately connected with the price of travel. When fares are low, people can afford to live away from their work under healthy conditions. High fares, on the other hand, crowd people together because they cannot afford to seek, or to make, homes where they wish to do so.

If it is possible for the Post Office to carry on at charges fifty per cent. above pre-war figures, it should be possible also for the railways to charge no greater an advance. For the Post Office is economically sound, as was testified even by the Geddes Committee, whereas the railway companies can make enormous savings on their wasteful systems, as has been testified by Sir Eric Geddes, himself a railway expert.

HELD FOR MURDER

Innocent Men's Trying Ordeal

IS any compensation to be given to Duncan Carmichael and David Drummond, the two poor Scottish unemployed men who have been kept in gaol for three months with ever before their minds the picture of a judge putting on the black cap and sentencing them to be taken hence and hanged by the neck till they are dead.

It is a dreadful ordeal for anybody to go through. Nobody ought to be put through it unless there were the gravest suspicion and substantial evidence against them. In this case, after three weary months of torture and suspense, the case broke down.

The Hon. William Watson, K.C., Solicitor-General for Scotland, prosecuting for the Crown, listened to the evidence of his own witnesses, three of whom were boys between eleven and fourteen, and then suddenly intervened. Then, in view of the evidence given, the Crown had to withdraw the charge. The judge told the jury to enter a verdict, not guilty.

Very fair, very considerate, very impartial. But, why could not the Crown discover, without keeping two innocent men three months on the rack in goal, that the evidence of its own witnesses was not worth a row of beans?

The charge against these men was of having murdered Miss Blackie, an old shopkeeper, near Tranent, East Lothian. The men admitted they had been in the shop and bought food. They had only a few coppers on them when arrested. They made no concealment of their movements. The Crown case was that they left the shop locked behind them. The Crown's own witnesses declared that the shop was open when the body was found. Anybody might have been there in the meantime.

Charles Warren was arrested some time ago, similarly charged with murder. He was taken from Maidstone to Scotland, lodged in Dundee prison, and the Crown proceeded with its evidence.

In the depths of despair Warren suddenly remembered that on the date of the crime, when, he said, he was in Antwerp, he sold a coat there and gave a receipt for it.

The police went to Antwerp and found proof of his story. Warren was released, but he probably still wakes up at night and feels the rope round his neck.

This sort of blundering should stop. No man comes out of an ordeal like this with sound body, mind and nerves. The Scottish judges could help by a strong protest from the Bench.

There are three times as many judges in Scotland to each million of the population as there are in England. Why? It is to try charges that ought never to be brought?

LENIENCY FOR A BULLY

Encouraging Brutality at Cardiff

A GLARING example of shameful leniency has been brought to our notice. A. E. Williams, a well-known Cardiff dockman, and a pillar of a neighbouring Wesleyan Chapel, was recently charged with a brutal assault on a ten year old boy named Ronald George Phillips.

Discovering the youth harmlessly sitting on the wall surrounding Eastbrook Hall, Williams pursued him, and after striking him savagely many times with his umbrella he ferociously kicked the lad whilst he lay helpless with pain on the ground.

Phillips, who is a little delicate fellow, had to undergo medical treatment before he was in a fit state to appear in Barry Police Court to give evidence against his cowardly assailant. He collapsed in court and had to be assisted by his aged mother and a kindly policeman into the open air.

It was obvious that the boy, who was trembling and ghastly pale, was suffering intensely from the effects of the blows, showered on him by Williams in a fit of uncontrollable temper.

Eye witnesses stated that the man kicked the boy twice in the back and on the thigh with his heavy boots after his broken umbrella had prevented him from striking the unfortunate youth on the face and shoulders. The lad was seen to crawl through a hedge in great pain with blood on his face.

The brute responsible for this vindictive assault stated in court that all the witnesses who said they saw him kick the boy were perjuring themselves. He declared that he had been constantly troubled by boys trespassing on his ground. He had chased Phillips and had only struck him twice between the ankle and the knee. He did not explain, however, why the boy had been discovered with a contused wound on his face and bruises all over his body.

Yet, despite this overwhelming evidence of a malicious attack, and the appeal to the Bench from Mr. Harold Lloyd, who prosecuted, that the man Williams should be found guilty of an aggravated assault, the magistrates merely inflicted a fine of £5.

Such a shamefully inadequate penalty for a savage bully, who had not the slightest justification for his brutality, is a mockery of justice. The Magistrates responsible are directly encouraging outrages of this description by such disgraceful leniency. The Magistrates should have taught the Cardiff bully that he cannot vent his evil temper on helpless members of the community with impunity, although he happens to be a property owner and a prominent Wesleyan. Leniency is sometimes dangerous.

Curzon's Last Minute Offer!

Everybody who has inspected the splendid quality goods which we are now clearing at half price declares them to be far and away the most marvellous value ever offered. All garments are Present Season stock, and each is a superlative bargain — seize this opportunity NOW—you'll never have a better one.

MUST CLOSE AUG. 19th or earlier if goods are cleared.

IMPORTANT.
We have decided to extend our offer and dispose of the small stock now remaining. August 19 is positively the last date—if stocks hold out.
SEND YOUR ORDER TO-DAY.

30/- SPORTS JACKET for 15/-

This **SPORTS JACKET** is perfectly tailored from first-rate quality real Scotch or Yorkshire Tweeds, Cheviots and Homespuns. Without any exaggeration this is the best value to be had to-day in hard wearing, handsome-looking sports coats which any man would be proud to wear.
The biggest super-bargain Curzons have ever offered.

30/- MACKINTOSH TRENCH COAT for 15/-

Here is a thoroughly serviceable, well-cut Trench Coat, made for men who study both appearance and comfort. It is cut full-length double-breasted, with belt, from good quality material of a nice fawn shade and is guaranteed absolutely water-proof.

No patterns sent or enquiries answered, but you can send your order safely on the clear guarantee (backed by "John Bull") that your money will be instantly refunded in full if you are not more than pleased with your bargain.
(1s. extra for each garment for postage and packing.)

21/- TROUSERS (Tweed, Stripe and Grey Flannel) - - for 7/6

The quality of Curzon trousers is well known, and these are really marvellous value. Whether you are wanting smart trousers for Town wear or Flannels for Tennis, Cricket or the Seaside, you will get just what you want here at less than half the price you would otherwise have to pay. Large variety of Medium and Dark Tweed and Stripe Trousering, worth at least 21s. and **Heavy** Grey Flannel that would be cheap at 15s. all one price, **7s. 6d.** the pair.

Don't delay a single day or the goods you want may be sold out. Fill in and post this Coupon TO-DAY!

FILL UP THIS COUPON

To **CURZON BROS., LTD.,**
The World's Measure Tailors,
70 & 72, City Road, London. E.C.1.

Please send me CARRIAGE PAID on your guarantee:
Tweed Sports Coat 16/-
Trousers 8/6
Mac Trench Coat 16/-
Strike out line not required (if any).

Name .....
Address .....
J.B. .....

IMPORTANT.
Please fill in these particulars:
For Sports Coat or Mac Trench Coat:—
My height is .....
My chest measure (taken over waistcoat) is.....
For Trousers:—
State Flannel or Tweed .....
Length inside leg.....
Waist measure.....

"John Bull's Letter Bag"

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, *as they are liable to be mislaid.*
Replies by post will be sent whenever possible.
LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

EVERY week we give a guinea for the letter which tells the most human story of hard luck. In respect of our last issue, that sum has been forwarded to the sender of the information on which we based the paragraph entitled "Ruin and Release." But don't write only for the guinea. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding in the men who conduct the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often.

K. R. (Preston). — "A peaceful Ireland—when?" Never.

WILL O' THE WISP (Margate).—"I never like to stay long in one place." You must be in service.

TIMID (King's Lynn).—"Women have a frightening effect upon me." You'll grow out of that.

BLACK-EYED SUSAN (Southampton). —"A sailor makes the best husband." Every port confirms this view.

H. J. T. (Dover).—"Is there an opening for a gardener in the Navy?" Not unless the sea wants weeding.

COSMOPOLITAN (Shrewsbury). — "Priests should marry, that is the opinion I hold." And why shouldn't you?

MARY ANN (Southport).—"Your remarks about Ronald True have worried me." We hope they worry Shortt.

T. B. S. (Isle of Wight).—"The air raids proved that my heart was in the right place." Ours was mostly in our mouth.

MASQUERADER (Derby).—"Keeping up a good appearance costs money." But keeping up your pecker costs nothing.

REX (Antrim).—"Has our King the right in case of war to take control?" He has the right. Theoretically he is always in control.

BRITISH BULLDOG (Wigan).—"Let us pay our debts and make France pay hers." Have you been discussing the matter with Balfour?

CONSCIENTIOUS (Brixham). — "I sometimes fear that I pay under my share of taxes." Most people's fear is that they pay too much.

LAW-ABIDER (Lincoln).—"A policeman has no right to arrest a man for pure drunkenness." Which will be news to the purely drunk.

CAUTIOUS ONE (Newcastle).—"Is it advisable to marry a widow with two children?" You haven't told us how many grandchildren there are.

AMATEUR (Kingston).—"Can you tell me in a sentence how I can paint a successful picture?" By putting the right colours in the right places.

JACKANAPES (Gravesend).—"A man called me a so-and-so; can I have him up in court?" We cannot tell you. The point is: *are* you a so-and-so?

ROVER (London, W.).—"English is a nice country to come back to." Neatly put.

COY VIOLET (Poplar).—"When should a girl get engaged?" When she has the chance.

AUNTY CAREFUL (Haslemere).—"Girls do not seem to want chaperones nowadays." They never did.

SEA NYMPH (Hastings).—"Why do the authorities object to white bathing costumes?" It is merely a matter of form.

D. B. H. (Bath).—"I have a weakness for losing my head." If we find it knocking about Long Acre we'll post it to you.

BRAMISH BOY (Winchester).—"Walking is good for the health, but a motor-bike fills a man's heart with joy." Depends upon whether he's riding or walking.

H. P. (Manchester).—"Who is going to pay for this damage that is being done by the rebels?" Not we, thank Heaven!

CHARITABLE (Hove).—"What are the costs of administering the 'Greatest of These' fund?" None. We bear all expenses.

NATURE-LOVER (Eastbourne).—"Wherever you go you see tea houses disfiguring the landscape." Why not go to sea?

PHILOSOPHER (Exeter).—"I always say when I have had a bet 'that's lost.'" We trust that you are often disappointed.

SPINDLE SHANKS (King's Lynn).—"How many times should a boy kiss a girl before they're engaged?" Never. It isn't done!

ANXIOUS (Norwich).—"I love my girl as life itself, but my people do not agree with the match." You are marrying the girl, not your people. Don't be a mouse.

BRIGHT SPARK (Birmingham).—"I have saved more money in the last two years than I did during the war." Your letter goes into the sunshine drawer.

SLY ONE (Tunbridge Wells).—"Should a husband pay his wife's bills?" The real question to be answered is: Should a wife contract bills?

J. S. P. (Ross).—"My aunt is 105 years old." We have never denied it.

MOTORIST (Arundel).—"What did the big petrol people do to win the war?" They kept our spirits up.

PROFESSOR (Angmering). — "Statistics can prove anything." Except whisky, which remains sadly under-proof.

M. T. (Epsom).—"My brother-in-law is double-jointed: is this usual?" It is not a characteristic of our brothers-in-law.

CYNICAL ONE (Hereford).—"Most of our so-called statesmen are pussy-foots." Surely that should be "pussy-feet"?

SHAKESPEARE-LOVER (Bloomsbury).—"Where is there a worthy monument to Shakespeare?" Supreme genius is its own monument.

PROHIBITIONIST (Berwick). — "If every public-house was burnt down, how happy we would be!" Especially the insurance companies.

IMAGINATIVE (Manchester).—"I see an England prosperous and happy: no unemployment, no strikes, no taxation." How did they come to let you out?

SPORTSMAN (Henley).—"I wish to know this: Why is England losing all her championships?" Because she cannot hold 'em. Is that right, sir?

SYBIL (Dorking).—"Women spend too much time in worrying about what they will wear." Considering what they *won't* wear occupies more of their time.

H. K. G. (Norwich).—"Is there a provincial cathedral where two queens were buried?" Peterborough. Mary Queen of Scots and Catherine of Aragon.

WANDERER (Lewes).—"Was there ever such a beast as a dragon?" Yes, before the war. The King's head was on the other side. We haven't seen one for years.

RUSTIC MAID (Godalming).—"To every girl comes a dream of a Prince Charming." Which is broken by mother's voice saying: "Mary, get up and light the fire."

TIPSTER (Newmarket).—"Your vile attack on tipsters shows your prejudice." And your stupid letter shows your ignorance. Get somebody to read JOHN BULL to you, if you can't read yourself.

INNOCENCE (Limehouse).—"May a man marry his half-niece?" No, ma'am.

MARY (Totnes).—"Neither large towns nor small villages are given preference in our 'Bullets' Competition. The best 'Bullet' always wins.

JOANNA (Clacton).—"My boy says that bobbed hair is indecent." Boys will be boys.

LETTICE (Bournemouth).— "My instincts is never at fault." But your grammar is a trifle hazy.

BLACK BELL (Sherwood).—"Can red cabbages be called greengrocery?" Yes; *and* scarlet runners.

SCAMP (Folkestone).—"Nobody cares a —— what becomes of me." Personally we don't care a —— ——.

X. (London).—"Monday is always a fatal day for me." And for us too—we have to start work all over again.

MOPSY (Peckham).—"Preachers do not always practise their sermons." But many preachers rehearse them.

LOVESICK (Hull).—"I shall never meet another girl like that." Cheer up, you miserable worm! You'll meet a dozen.

P. T. (Leeds).—"We thought we knew the Germans, but do we?" We have a rowing acquaintance with them, anyway.

K. I. J. (Torquay).—"I should like your views on my singing voice." We haven't seen it and we do not intend hearing it.

BATHING GIRL (Ramsgate).—"Is there any real danger from sharks?" Not in the sea, dear. They are mostly found on the front.

F. S. (Edinburgh). — "Scotsmen always keep their faces to the sun." Especially when the sun is in the South. (This is very subtle.)

HARRIS (Leith).—"Would you say that a girl is as clever as a man?" We would. We would also say the reverse. It depends upon the girl.

FRANK ONE (Oxford).—"I like to speak my mind." If what you have sent is a specimen, we should advise you to speak somebody else's.

HOLIDAY COUPLE (Blackpool).—"Few people think we are married." How fascinating! Paste your marriage certificate round your hat.

INQUISITIVE (Camberwell). — "Is there such a thing as a King's Prize?" There are many; which do you mean? For racing, for cattle, or for triplets?

M. L. (Bristol).—"How very strange this old world seems, to those who live in mysterious dreams." Your poem lies strangely in our mysterious w.p.b.

RETIRED (Cheltenham).— "When politicians make a promise to the country it is their job to keep their words." Wrong: it is their jobs to keep their jobs.

RUTH (St. Annes).—"I should like to see the Prince—he has never been here." Strange! And yet there are few wild places in the world he hasn't been.

SCHOLAR (Cardiff).—"Why do they spend so much time teaching us the capes and bays of England?" In case you get shipwrecked it is nice to know the exact spot you are being drowned.

M. M. (Portsmouth).—"It would have been impossible to go on holidays this summer if it had not been for your prompt payment of my husband's accident claim." Excellent! Non-registered readers please note. And by the way, don't forget that JOHN BULL's insurance still applies when you are away from home.

(*Continued on p. 26*).

You Can Tell Things to a Stranger

which you cannot tell your nearest and dearest. Real Despair is based on Spiritual Isolation. It is founded in something deeper than injured vanity, than fear of what people will think of you if you go into the workhouse. Real despair is that which breaks the heart and blackens every prospect. Take your real trouble to "Humanist" and lay the burden of your secret upon him. He cannot give you money or find employment for you, but he can help you otherwise.

"Humanist," *John Bull*, Long Acre, W.C. 2.

CARRY YOUR "JOHN BULL" WITH YOU

Southend and Clacton Next

THE JOHN BULL man is visiting the principal seaside resorts distributing magnificent gifts to people carrying JOHN BULL.

Thousands of our readers who were in Hastings on August 3rd and in Margate on Bank Holiday certainly took our hint to carry JOHN BULL with them. Each day was a tremendous success. Some of the ways our readers managed to catch the eagle eye of the JOHN BULL man were most ingenious, and the little scheme which won the handsome silver plated tea and coffee set was a masterpiece.

Now for another big success in Southend (August 10th) and Clacton (August 14th), the next towns to be visited by JOHN BULL man. We say again: "Carry your JOHN BULL with you," and show the JOHN BULL man that you are just as clever as the people of Margate and Hastings. Look at the wonderful gifts mentioned on the back page.

FREE BOOK of 3000 BARGAINS
SAVES YOU POUNDS!
Send a postcard to-day for H. Samuel's FREE BOOK of Bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Plate, at next to Factory Prices, with lists of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers. A FULL MONTH'S TRIAL.
63/-
Diamond Cluster
5 2 6
52/6
Diamond Claw Ring
WRITE NOW!
H. SAMUEL,
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LIVERPOOL VICTORIA
Friendly Society. Est. 1843.
Profits Divided amongst the Policy Holders
Claims Paid £17,300,000
Invested Funds.. £10,500,000
Annual Income ... £3,800,000
All our Branch Offices and Agents transact National Health Insurance. ARTHUR HENRI, Secretary.
Chief Office: ST. ANDREW ST., LONDON, E.C.4.

Terrible Irritation

The cause is acid in blood. To cure, nourish and cleanse blood at one time with

HOOD'S MEDICINE

For Blood, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys. 14 Herbal Ingredients (named on bottle). Liquid or Tablets. Of Chemists 2/6, 5/-, 8/6

SPECIAL OFFER.—The Proprietors have so much confidence in Hood's Medicine that they offer readers of *John Bull* who need an intelligent blood tonic Six Days' Trial Tablets and a copy of Hood's Home Doctor Book (160 pages) for One Shilling. Address: C. I. Hood & Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 22), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

Have Beautiful Teeth—and Sound Ones!

Beware of the dentifrice that "grits"! Grit rips the enamel of the teeth as an emery wheel does steel—polishing, and cleansing, truly, but at what a cost!

At first the teeth are white: but soon the enamel is worn away. Then the dread spots of decay appear.

Test your dentifrice this way: grind a little between the front teeth. If it grits—it is dangerous!

You will find no signs of grit in Gibbs Dentifrice: for its polishing agent is calcium carbonate, which leading British dental authority affirms to be just the right hardness to cleanse without scratching.

And to make doubly secure, in Gibbs Dentifrice colloidal action takes place which surrounds each tiny particle of polishing powder with lubricant. This prevents any chance of abrading even the tender tissues of the mouth and gums.

Your teeth are Ivory Castles—Defend them with

Gibbs Dentifrice

Large size, 1/- De Luxe, 1/6. Popular size, 7½d. Refills for above, 11d. Tubes, 7½d. and 1/-

From your Chemist.

free!

Generous sample of Gibbs Dentifrice and the fascinating Ivory Castle Fairy Book. Send 2d. stamp for postage with coupon attached.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

D. & W. Gibbs Ltd. (Dept 413), Cold Cream Soap Works, London, E.1

20/- CARR. PAID. FOR 32 DAYS.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

THE GREAT HOLIDAY OFFER

Our offer to supply the SARTOR RAINCOAT for 20/- during the Holiday Season has brought us an overwhelming flood of enquiries.

HAVE YOU SENT YOURS?

The offer remains open for 32 days more.

SARTOR RAINCOATS

are tailored from superb quality Gabardines, fully proofed, and effectively lined. Light in weight and perfect in style and finish.

SEND NO MONEY. Write first (a p.c. will do) for FREE PATTERNS and STYLE BOOK (Ladies', Gents' Maids' and Youths') and self-measurement form.

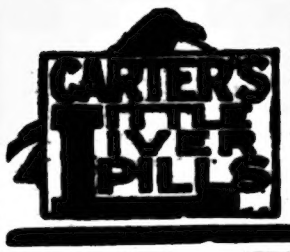
You buy DIRECT from our Workrooms, so there are no MIDDLE PROFITS.

WE GUARANTEE EVERY COAT AND IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED WE RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL.

SARTOR MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Dept. J.), 52, OXFORD RD., MANCHESTER.

What to Take for CONSTIPATION



Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels.** Mild—as easy to take as sugar. *Genuine bear signature—Bartlett*

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

BAD LEGS.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TREMOL STAFF TO SUFFERERS.

For 25 years we have Cured Bad Legs only.
Doing this one thing only for 25 years has made us Experts.
That is why we succeed where others fail.
That is why our £1,000 Challenge has never been accepted.
We do this one thing far, far better than anyone else.
Our 25 Years' Experience Guarantees your Cure.
Many thousands are already cured.
Hundreds are being cured at this moment.
You may be Cured Now.
Let every Sufferer remember this: Tremo Treatment

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT PAIN.

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT RESTING.

CURES BAD LEGS WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK.

CURES BAD LEGS WITH CERTAINTY.

CURES BAD LEGS TO REMAIN CURED.

READ THESE QUESTIONS:—

(1) Is there an open wound on your leg?
(2) Is your leg painful?
(3) Is it red, inflamed, burning, or itching?
(4) Is there skin inflammation or eczema?
(5) Is the leg puffy and swollen?
(6) Do the Veins stand out or are they varicosed?
(7) Is the knee painful, stiff or swollen?

If you suffer in any way as this—TREMOL WILL CURE YOU.

YOUR OWN TREATMENT PREPARED SPECIALLY FOR YOU.

Why does Tremol Treatment give such grand results? Because it is your own Treatment. It is prescribed, prepared, and compounded specially for you. It is adapted and suited exactly to your own case. There are no stock remedies with Tremol. Every case is treated separately as if it were the one and only case. Each patient gets separate and individual attention. Hence this amazing record of cures.

DON'T FORGET THIS. BY THIS TREATMENT YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF IN YOUR OWN HOME, WITHOUT RESTING, WITHOUT PAIN, WITHOUT RELAPSE OR FAILURE.

HELP FOR EVERY SUFFERER.

Not only from Great Britain and Ireland, but from every corner of the globe comes the demand from Sufferers for information about this great Treatment. Every day letters pour into the National Infirmary for Bad Legs from Sufferers anxious to be cured. To meet this demand for help the National Infirmary for Bad Legs have decided to send to all applicants

FREE OF ALL CHARGE:

(1) A LARGE ILLUSTRATED BOOK teeming with sound and valuable information which is sure to be the means of bringing about your speedy and permanent recovery and showing how the Treatment can be used in your own home.

(2) A BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED ALBUM of coloured plates of actual cases cured, and showing how the Treatment cures.

(3) A LEGAL GUARANTEE TO CURE.

(4) AN AUTHENTIC LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN TOWN or neighbourhood, so that every Sufferer may see and talk with the people in his own district whom the Treatment has cured.

This great Free Offer is not a chance to be missed, so if you desire to have your leg made well, sit down now, fill in the Coupon below, and send to the

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, WARD B.L., 208, GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.

You will then receive by return of post and free of charge THE VALUABLE BOOK, THE ILLUSTRATED ALBUM, THE LEGAL GUARANTEE, THE LIST OF CASES CURED IN YOUR OWN DISTRICT, and advice on your case if desired.

Send this Coupon To-Day or Write To-Day.

FREE COUPON. WARD B.L.

Please send me your Valuable Book, Illustrated Album, Legal Guarantee, and all particulars as per your special offer.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

.....

.....

.....

UNGENEROUS GUARDIANS

Shabby Treatment of a Faithful Servant

ALBERT THOMAS, of Bletchingly, Surrey, having served his time with the Colours, became, twenty-eight years ago, an officer under the Poor Law. For twenty-three years he was employed at the Maldon Institution, and probably would have been there yet had not the Military taken over the buildings during the war.

That he left with a splendid character is indicated by a letter written by the Vicar of All Saints, Maldon, in 1916, in the course of which he says: "Having been for five years Chaplain at the Workhouse, I can testify to the satisfaction he gave the Board. He is a man of excellent character, sober, steady, industrious and conscientious, and has brought up a large family in a way most creditable to himself. I have great pleasure in giving him my strongest possible recommendation."

On the strength of such testimonials, Thomas secured the berth of Laundry Engineer at the Guardians' Institution, Bletchingly; and, judging by a number of letters we have perused, from such important officials as the Chairman of the Board, and other Guardians, he gave as much satisfaction in that position as he did in his previous one.

Unfortunately, his relations with the Workhouse Master became strained; and the situation thus created, combined with continuous overwork, had an injurious effect upon his health. Last March he was asked to resign; and on asking upon what grounds, was told that the Guardians had the power to dispense with his services without assigning any reason for their action.

However, through the influence of certain local gentlemen and the sympathetic interest of all the lady Guardians, he was accorded a hearing before the Committee; the result being that he deemed himself to have been reinstated in his position.

But he was again asked to tender his resignation, the reason given being that the Guardians wanted a more efficient officer to take charge of the valuable laundry machinery.

How this can be reconciled with the testimonial given him by the Chairman of the Board it is difficult to understand. This document states that Mr. Albert Thomas "has performed his duties efficiently and to the entire satisfaction of the Guardians."

In the face of such a recommendation, the action of the Guardians, in denying him the full superannuation allowance to which he was entitled, seems incredible. And despite an appeal to the Ministry of Health, he is to-day, after 28 years' faithful service, deprived of the pension.

Such meanness on the part of the Poor Law Authorities is almost past belief, and demands the most searching inquiries as to the motive which inspired it.

THE CARDSHARPERS' CLUB

Where the Greenhorns are Fleeced

IN a central part of the West End stands what is known as the Cardsharpers' Club. Not that this is the name under which the licence is held. Ostensibly, it is just a social club, where respectable gentlemen, usually carrying umbrellas, pass in and out. If you happen to be of an observant nature it may strike you as strange that someone is loitering around the door, glancing keenly up and down the street. Nor is the ordinary citizen eligible for membership. Before you can possibly be elected you must have done "time," or, as they say among the initiated, been "over the wall." And the professional qualifications are strangely limited; in fact, there are only two or three occupations which the committee will look at. One is a certain amount of skill with cards, of the variety which enables you to deal yourself three, or even four, aces—if need be. Or, again, you may be a first-class "con. man," specialising in rich uncles, legacies and innocent strangers.

When the Vine Street C. I. D. officers, or maybe the energetic Detective-Inspectors from Scotland Yard want a "con. man," or a cardsharper, they make a point of asking whether Mr. So-and-so has been at his club lately. Mr. So-and-so, whose conscience is doubtless somewhat uneasy, has not—which clinches the matter.

The "mug," picked up at some bar in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, is brought in and signs his name in the visitors' book. Tradition forbids the "mug" being gone through at the club; he must be treated as an honoured guest, or a good customer. There are comfortable chairs, a bar, a smart steward and an air of camaraderie vastly to the liking of a lonely visitor to London.

Having taken you to his "club," introduced you to sundry good fellows and bought you a few drinks, the gentleman who has you in tow will probably suggest a little game. But this will not take place at the Cardsharpers' Club. Rather will there be a cosy little flat waiting, with champagne and cigars *ad lib.*, and, maybe, a beautiful young lady to coo over you.

The Cardsharpers' Club is the trysting house of the profession. It is just one of those select little places, in an obscure back street, where the "mug" may be steered without attracting the attention of interfering policemen.

Nothing clumsy, mind you. You will always be robbed with courtesy and despatch. Violence? Perish the thought!

PRESTIGE

by W. P. WORTH

ADVERTISING creates prestige. It causes the public to have faith in the character of a firm, its goods and business methods.

To create faith in the establishment is the ambition of all the leading advertisers at the present time. They know that once the public come to realise the value of a particular brand they will buy it steadily.

In these days it does not pay to spend hundreds of pounds advertising an inferior article. The public will buy once, and once only if the quality is not there.

JOHN BULL safeguards its readers against unscrupulous traders by rejecting all doubtful advertisements, and definitely guaranteeing the *bona fides* of those that appear in its columns.

The Shop Window

You are invited to write to the Shredded Wheat Company for a liberal sample packet of Shredded Wheat. This makes a delightful breakfast and is very wholesome.

People have been known to emigrate here from the United States since it has turned "dry." It is worth while facing out wet weather if one has the liberty to have a drink after. And, anyway, raincoats are cheap! (See Sartor advt.)

Sir Harry Lauder, the Scottish Woollen Association and S. A. Barry and Co., have certainly done their best this week to push one of the principal products from the land of "braw men and bonnie lasses." There is no more pleasing material or none that wears better than good Scotch woollens.

Youngsters love to read of castles, giants and fairies, and it was a clever move on the part of D. and W. Gibbs to issue their interesting Ivory Castle Fairy Book. This can be obtained with a sample of their dentifrice by sending the coupon from their advt.

Though JOHN BULL helped Curzon Bros. to sell a great quantity of their surplus stock they still have a small amount on hand, and accordingly repeat their offer until August 19th, if the goods are not sold before then, which we very much doubt, as they are offering splendid value.

Read the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 3, and have a glance at the JOHN BULL Guarantee.

MAYOR OF MARGATE distributes JOHN BULL prizes

A very pleasing little ceremony was performed at Margate on Bank Holiday when the Mayor graciously presented the prizes given to those readers of JOHN BULL who were clever enough to attract the attention of the JOHN BULL MAN on that day. The prize distribution took place in the evening, during the performance of Murray Ashford's Concert Party at the Westonville Pavilion. Prior to that time, the prizes were greatly admired in the window of Messrs. Bowen Bros., The Parade.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG

(Continued from page 24.)

AGRICULTURIST (Taunton). — "A farm labourer's wage isn't as good as it looks." It never looked surprisingly good to us.

YANKEE (Chester).—"This is the grandest town I have ever seen." Have you had a good look at West Bromwich?

SHY MAID (Lancaster).—"How can I get to be friendly with a man without his making love to me?" Honest to goodness we don't know.

MAN O' THE WORLD (Harraton Colliery).—"I have always found the collier a gentleman." We should be the last to question that statement.

S. L. F. (Penzance).—"Why is it that Atlantic liners do not call here?" We have often wondered.

STRUGGLING POET (Ayr).—"I have many of Burns' peculiarities." The girls of Ayr should be careful.

BABYFACE (Birkenhead).—"Good looks are a handicap to a typist." We know a few who ought to get on if that is the case.

ANTI-LIMPET (Colchester). — "My son's wife is still in a Government office in Whitehall." We'll look out for her.

PERPLEXED (Bury).—"If there is no atmosphere in the moon, how can there be life?" Our moon expert is on his holiday.

CANVASSER (Wimbledon). — "A change is coming over the electorate: they are tired of Lloyd George." Bless you, that is no change.

Many replies unavoidably held over.

The Cheapest item of your holiday outfit

Don't forget to include one.

Pen Coupon Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/- and 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage. DE LUXE MODEL 1/3 extra.

Address: PEN DEPT. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib. J.B. 12.8.22

THOUGHTS THAT MATTER

Have you ever thought how long it would take you to save enough money out of your weekly earnings to buy a house for your very own?

Have you ever thought how much it would cost you to furnish it once you had bought it?

Have you ever thought how necessary it is to have a little nest-egg in reserve?

Most men have thought of these things, and many have almost abandoned their ambitions in despair of ever being able to save enough.

One way of solving your problems is to devote a little thought to our "Bullets" Competition. We are offering a first prize of £500, which would help you a long way on the road to happiness.

Don't despair. Send us a thought that matters.

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 454.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

MR. T. S. WHITNELL,
7, Benares Road, Plumstead, S.E. 18.
Example:—WHAT WE CAN'T GET.
Bullet:—"AIR FORCE" WITHOUT "PRESSURE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

MR. JAMES W. WHITEHEAD,
17, Brook Terrace, New Sky, Rochdale.
Example:—MERRY AND BRIGHT.
Bullet:—WHEN A WOMAN'S "WISHING."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

MISS A. RICKARD,
Dalvenie, Penryn, Cornwall.
Example:—THE OTHER CHAP.
Bullet:—SPLENDID MOTTO FOR EVERYONE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

F. SANSUM, 15, Copper Terrace, Hayle, Cornwall:
IN DAYS GONE BY—"PAINTED LADY" WAS "FREAK."

F. PALMER, C/o Post Office, Moylegrove, St. Dogmaels, Pembs.:
BLACK SHEEP—TEACHER'S PROPHECY—SHREWD FINANCIER.

R. FORDER, 22, Castle Street, Ruthin, N. Wales:
IN DAYS DONE BY—"WIZARD" WASN'T SO POPULAR.

Miss C. BARRIMAN, 220, High St., Herne Bay, Kent:
IF DOLES CONTINUE—MORE "UP AGAINSTS" EXCHANGES.

Mrs. F. COX, 19, Marina, St. Leonards-on-Sea:
IN THE CLOUDS—CHAUFFEUR KEPT LIVING "FLYING."

J. HICK, 6, Chesney Terrace, Hunslet, Leeds:
MOST TEMPTING WHEN—CUPID'S DARTS IN JEWELLED.

A. MAY, 65 Cranmer Street, Leicester:
NEIGHBOUR'S BABY—UNTIL BRITAIN PAYS HERSELF.

A. ADAMS, 109, George Street, Ayr, N.B.:
READY WHEN NEEDED—FRANCE KEEPS "BIG STICK."

G. E. HOAR, S.S. "Haldane," Gun Wharf, Portsmouth:
THE BRITISH EMPIRE—ONCE "REARED," NOW "BEATS."

Miss F. ASH, 123, Cherry Orchard Rd., East Croydon:
ROCKING THE BOAT—WON'T SHIFT EITHER'S BARNACLES.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. ROBINSON, 19, Bedford Road, Harlow:
THE GOVERNMENT'S HOPES—"TO-MORROW," EXCEPT WHEN SPENDING.

R. W. HUTTON, 12, Murieston Road, Edinburgh:
THE OTHER CHAP—CROOK INTRODUCES SOON AFTER.

A. J. MENZIES, Prestionhall, Pond, Midlothian:
IN DAYS GONE BY—"POLITICIAN" WASN'T AN EPITHET.

F. BEAZLEY, Violet Cottage, Highfield Road, Maidenhead:
READY WHEN NEEDED—FATHER'S RULE PREVENTS BOREDOM.

F. B. SIMMONS, 12, Portland-Street, York:
SAFE AND SOUND—ARBITRATION, THE RAZOR-EDGE.

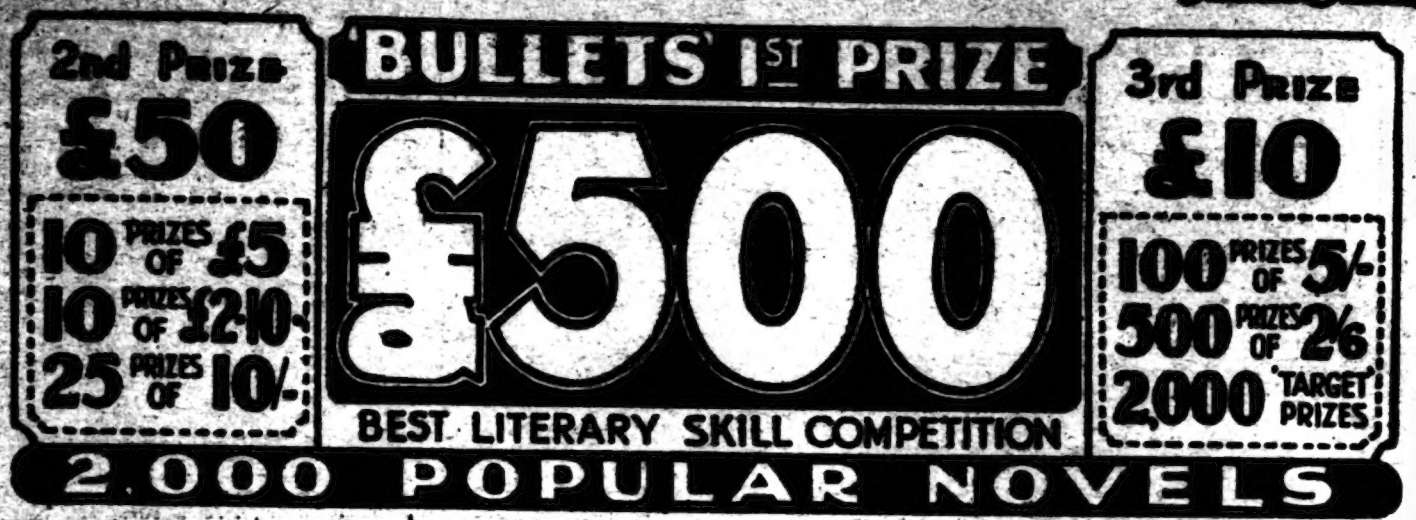
Miss P. GOOD, "Ingleby," Loughborough Road, Kirkcaldy, Fife:
STIGGINS'S "SMALL TYPE" RARELY "READ."

A. WILLIAMS, Woodstock Road, Oxford:
THE BRITISH EMPIRE—SOMETHING LIKE A SPREAD BIG AND LITTLE—ONE FIGHTS, OTHER ARBITRATES.

Miss R. RAYMOND, 21a, Clifton Rd., Maida Vale, W.9.

E. H. SHARPLES, 12, Broomfield Place, Blackburn:
SAFE AND SOUND—GERMANY, WHATEVER MARK BECOMES.

Miss B. WHITTAKER, Selwood Lodge, Frome, Somerset:
IN BROADMOOR—ONLY HARMONY NO COCAINE.
(Send for free "Target" prize coupon.)



LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 456.

BY WIRELESS
MIGHTY ATOM
DREAMS AND REALITIES
SEASIDE DONKEY
GLUTTON FOR WORK
BRIGHTER SUNDAY
WHEN PURSE IS FULL
MODERN LANDLORD
A FAIR TRIAL
WHEN I WAS YOUNG
MOST CURIOUS
IN PLAIN CLOTHES
UNWRITTEN LAW
WHEN BABY'S ASLEEP
BEST MOTHER
GRUMBLE AND PAY
CHANGING COLOUR
DAY OF WORSHIP
ANOTHER LITTLE DROP
HOLIDAY BENEFITS
A MAN'S WAY
VALUABLE ASSET
WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN
REST EASY
FRAGILE
A SHARP TONGUE
HER MASTER
LONG WAY OFF
BIT OF FAT
NATIONAL DANGER
PAINTS AND DRAWS
FOLLIES OF YOUTH

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

List of Ten-Shilling Prizewinners in "Bullets" Competition No. 454 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prizewinners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the Three Gold "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 450 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three or Four words you give can **EACH** begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A BARGAIN. Bullet: WIFE THINKS UNTIL LATER. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of,

Closing Date, Thursday, August 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(456) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper

Closing Date, Thursday, August 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(456) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 456, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Closing Date, Thursday, August 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(456) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, August 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(456) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

4,648 PRIZES MUST BE WON

LET "BULLETS" PAY YOUR HOLIDAY EXPENSES

This handsome Tea and Coffee Set is only one of the many prizes to be distributed by the "JOHN BULL MAN." There are also Wrist Watches, Dressing Cases, Handbags, Plated Ware, etc., etc. Look out for the "JOHN BULL MAN"!

This Magnificent Silver Plated Tea and Coffee Service FREE!

The "JOHN BULL MAN" has just left Hastings and Margate, where they are still talking about the magnificent gifts he distributed. On Thursday, August 3rd, he will be in Southend, and on Monday, August 14th, in Clacton. If you are staying there, be sure and carry your "JOHN BULL" with you and do your best to attract the attention of the "JOHN BULL MAN." Think of a clever way of doing so and you may be presented with this lovely massive Tea and Coffee Set or with one of the many other prizes. Set your brains to work now! Look out for the "JOHN BULL MAN"!

CARRY YOUR "JOHN BULL" WITH YOU

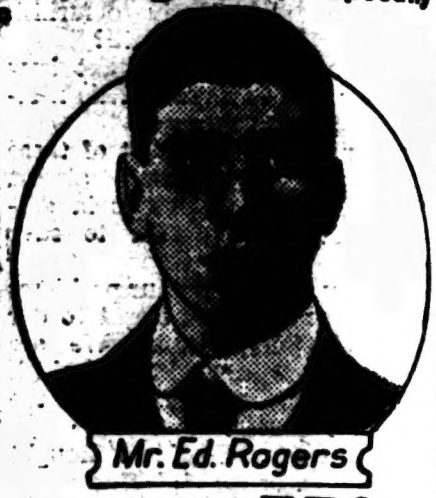
Two Tablets before a meal mean perfect digestion

Indigestion and Flatulence

Suffered Seven Years without finding Relief. Speedily Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mr. Edward Rogers, Central Houses, Ponty-pridd, South Wales, says: "For the sake of others I would like to say what a splendid medicine Dr. Cassell's Tablets are. For six or seven years I suffered acutely from indigestion and could get no relief, despite the many preparations I tried. After whatever food I took I suffered to such an extent that I was really afraid to eat anything. Flatulence, too, troubled me, and I had frequent headaches. The worst of all was that I could not sleep at nights, and tossed restlessly about, only to find myself utterly done up in the morning. What with pain and lack of rest, I had no strength or energy in me.

"All sorts of things were recommended to me, but without my getting any lasting relief. I had gone on like this for months when I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Almost from the first dose I felt an improvement. The pain after food ceased, I slept better and rapidly gained strength and energy. Now I can eat anything without fear and feel better than I have done for years."



Mr. Ed. Rogers

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 3/-

1/3 the smaller size. Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Anæmia, Neuritis, Paralysis, Indigestion, Kidney Weakness, Sleeplessness, Sufferer's Weakness, Neuralgia, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets must do you good. Every box abounds with curative virtue

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured under the supervision of skilled chemists in the most perfectly equipped laboratory of its kind in the Empire, by

The Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, Eng.

RESULT of the £250 Furniture Competition

LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

One or two from our letter bag:—

23, Lichfield Terrace, Chapel Allerton, Leeds. *August 1st, 1922.*

"Thank you very much for the lemon sports coat which I like very much. It is one of my favourite colours. Your weekly paper is most interesting, and will be more so now that I have won a prize for the first time in my life. I think the competition was very good, and certainly a very simple idea.

MAY HODGSON."

39, Park Drive, Harrogate. *August 1st, 1922.*

"Very many thanks for the pretty handbag as consolation prize in *EVERYWOMAN'S* Competition. It will be most useful.

E. JOHNS."

146, Balfour Street, Oldham, 31-7-22.

"Thanks for consolation award. I am very pleased indeed. I had *EVERYWOMAN'S* brought to my notice by my brother, a reader of 'JOHN BULL.'

ELISABETH BALL."

The First Prize has been awarded to:—

Mrs. Katie Horspool

84, Whippendell Road, Watford, Herts.

who sent in 5,114 Coupons, amounting to 25,570 votes.

100 CONSOLATION PRIZES were also awarded, consisting of jumpers, blouses, bags, sports coats, silk stockings, etc.

THIS has been one of the most successful and popular of the many competitions conducted by "EVERYWOMAN'S." Competitors have expressed themselves as delighted with the competition, and with the prizes awarded.

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY

"The Ideal Weekly for the Thinking Woman"

Every Monday 2d.

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

Sent on Trial.

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